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INTERNATIONAL club

club INTERNATIONAL

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NAKED MUNCH!

JUICY JEMMA LICKS THEM ALL!

SIXTEEN SWEET AND SEXY GIRLS SQUEAL 'GO ON! FONDLE MY BOT TILL I'M HOT!'

HARLEY STREAK!

BIKER LUCY LIKES IT FAST AND LOOSE!

SEXTASY SPECIAL!

OUR RAVING BEAUTIES ARE OUT OF THEIR BEDS AND UP ALL NIGHT!

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THIS MONTH IN CLUB TEASE!

Welcome back my friends, to the show that never ends. Yep, another big, juicy issue of *Club International* lands in your palms with a thud, and I can almost hear you all groaning under the weight of yet another fantastic edition filled with the most beauteous lovelies in the Western World, all hot and horny and waiting to unleash their most prized assets for your edification and viewing pleasure.

Phew, what a build-up that was. There's steam rising from the office computer after the Editor's lightning-speed fingers (or so the girls have told me!) have worked up another piece of purple-headed prose! But you have to agree with me that the selection of feisty fillies filling these here folios are as cracking a selection of tasty tarts as you're going to find anywhere. Why do you have to agree? Because I'm the Editor, that's why!

So what have I been up to in the time since we last met? Well, working my fingers to the bone, wading through piles of potential petals for these perfect pages and spending a fair amount of time assessing the relative merits of these lovely ladies over the road in my favourite watering hole, The Lyric.

"Ah yes, have this one scrubbed and brought to my room," I declared with full authority, only to find that my dawkish minions deposited one of the pub's brass fittings, reaking of Brasso, on my highly organised desk. Not really the kind of knockers I'd been anticipating, but what the hell? You just can't get the staff these days, can you?!

The office pool tournament has been going with a swing, but whether I was always the only one with his balls left on the table had anything to do with my advanced state of refreshment or not is anybody's guess. Answers on a postcard to the usual address!

I've been wading through some of the letters from you, dear readers, which have been arriving by the sackload, and a word of advice to Dennis in Basingstoke: it could be very painful! This unfortunate 'incident' aside, it seems like you have all been having much fun and games

Thought of the month:
"Drop till you dance, then dance till you drop..."
– R. E. Guy 1993

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Julie

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Bonnie

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Petra

Page 14
Lucy

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Jemma

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Stephanie

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Jasmine

out in Readerland and many a night of feisty frolics have been delivered. If only I had the time to drag myself away from the pressures of bringing you the very best in nude action to indulge in a little of the same for myself. At least, that's my excuse and I'm damn well sticking to it!

Well, it's time for me to stop waffling on (that's the problem with popping diet pills all day; you just can't stop!) and get back to the matter in hand, so to speak! I'll be scouring the world and elsewhere to bring you more of the most gorgeous girls around and if you find any that I might have overlooked, then you'd be best advised to send 'em off to me with a packed lunch and strict instructions to treat me nicely. After all, the world could be their crayfish... or whatever the appropriate expression is! See you all next month for a spot of light refreshment! ♣

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Kathryn

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IN THE BAG

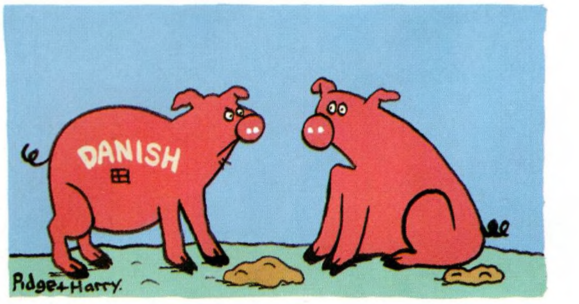
We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HF...

American Dream

I'm an American and I often travel to the UK on business – which gives me an ideal opportunity to pick up my copy of Club.

I've been a keen reader for over five years now, and I have to admit that it's better than any of the magazines of the American market. Unfortunately, these tend to leave nothing to the imagination, while I find that your magazine shows beautiful girls in perfect surroundings every month. I'm constantly amazed at the variety of gorgeous and sexy girls that you feature in every issue.

In fact, in my most recent edition (Vol 22 No 8), I really enjoyed seeing Donna. She has to be the most extraordinary girl that I've ever laid my eyes on. Surely she deserves more than just a couple of pages. C'mon. guys, let's see a lot more of her, and soon! *– Jay, Illinois*



"You'll regret that tattoo one day..."

Crystal Clear

After looking through the last issue of Club (Vol 22 No 9), I felt I had to write in and compliment you on a great issue. The magazine was stacked with a stunning array of shapely, young blondes. The women I'd particularly like to see more of are Petra, Clare, Cathy and, above all, Shauna (*below*); the sexiest woman I've ever seen on the pages of your excellent magazine.

I'm glad that you decided to go for high quality photographs, and not the fuzzy, soft-focus shots that seem to be the staple diet of lesser magazines. The pictures are now so life-like that they almost seem to jump off the page at you.

To sum up, I really enjoyed your magazine this month, particularly because of the very attractive models and the brilliant definition in the photos. Once again, Club International has proved itself to be the best magazine of its kind on the market. *– Alan, Tonbridge*

Big Is Better

I've always been a fan of women with a more curvy figure and big boobs, so you can imagine my excitement at the sight of Shauna on the cover of the latest Club (Vol 22 No 9).

However, on rushing home from the newsagents, I was a little disappointed to find that, while her breasts are certainly as glorious as their outline suggests, they are fully or partly covered in all but one of the photographs, including the centrefold.

How about asking Shauna back next month for more photographs, this time doing full justice to her beautiful assets? My services as a photographic assistant, make-up artist or teaboy are, of course, ready at a moment's notice. *– Simon, Wiltham*

Passion Fruit

My name is Bernadette, I'm 23-years-old and I'd like to tell your readers about a sexy encounter I experienced while on holiday in Cornwall recently.

I'd gone there with my boyfriend, Tony, for a week and while we were exploring one of the little coastal towns I bumped into an old friend from college, Janey, whom I'd lost contact with. Janey looked absolutely stunning; her blonde hair had grown down over her shoulders and she had a dark, golden tan. She was working on a fruit and veg stall, and it wasn't until she began serving me that we recognised each other. Soon we were shrieking with laughter and hugging each other, and when I turned back to introduce Tony his face looked sombre and a bit moody. I think he felt a bit put out, to be honest. Anyhow, Janey scribbled down her address, and suggested that we should come

SENSELESS THINGS

October's here at last, so baffle those little blighters trick-or-treating at your door with the following...

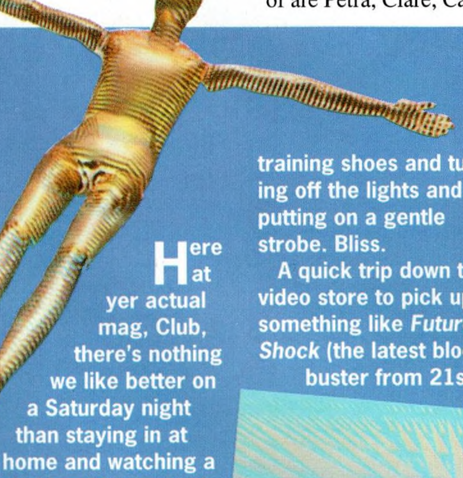
1 Give the little angels photocopies of your 80 yard swimming certificate you won in 1979

2 Carve a monster face in a pumpkin, shove a candle in it, walk around going "Woooo!" and honestly expect to scare someone

3 Say "Oooh, aren't the nights closing in?" to everyone you meet as though it's the FIRST BLOODY TIME IT'S EVER HAPPENED!!!!! ♣

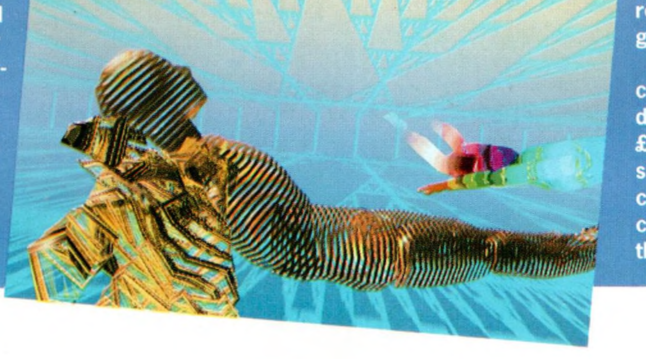
TRANCE 'N' MENTAL!

Have a weekend out of your head without even leaving the living room...



Here at yer actual mag, Club, there's nothing we like better on a Saturday night than staying in at home and watching a good video. Never mind that Danny Sampling or Andy Weathered is playing at the Love Tunnel. Nope, we still prefer to loaf around in our John Richmond gear with a nice cup of guarana, before kicking off our genuine Adidas 1970s training shoes and turning off the lights and putting on a gentle strobe. Bliss.

A quick trip down to the video store to pick up something like *Future Shock* (the latest blockbuster from 21st Century Entertainment) and we're S-O-R-T-E-D. Of course, if we're entertaining a young lady, then food's no problem whatsoever. There's a wonderful place just around the corner from us – great food, friendly service, open 24 hours; blimey, it even sells petrol too. Can you believe that?! We usually opt for a range of culinary delights – Wrigley's Juicy Fruit, Orbit and Hubba Bubba are particular favourites, then you're ready. Just pop on the 3D glasses and you're off...



On the other hand, you could just pop four Es down your throat, spend £80 in three hours and sit in the corner with a complete stranger proclaiming undying love for the same effect, eh? ♣

along to her flat that afternoon for a chat. Of course I immediately agreed, but Tony was reluctant and instead said that he was off to a shop that specialised in fishing tackle, and that he'd meet me later. Well, I pretended to be disappointed then made my way over to Bernadette's place.

She had a nicely furnished bedsit overlooking the harbour, and a big double bed took up most of the space. I sat down on the sofa, then asked her if she was living with anyone there, but she just laughed and looked at me in disbelief.

"You've got to be joking," she giggled. "I've got things well organised here. I don't need a jealous boyfriend messing everything up for me." She flashed a sexy smile at me, then the doorbell rang. "Ahh, that will be my special delivery," she purred. "Stay right there."

When she returned she had a really good-looking fella with her, who was clutching her address in his hand. "I'm glad to see you made it," she said. "I'd like you to meet my good friend, Bernadette."

He offered his hand for me to shake, "Hi, I'm Gary," he said. "Do you live here too?" I shook my head, and tried desperately to avert my eyes, straying as they were all over his body as I admired his fit, muscular form.

Janey then disappeared into the kitchen, and Gary made himself comfortable, sprawling himself over the bed with his legs draped onto the floor. The atmosphere was electric in the room, and I felt something naughty was going to happen, but I had to admit I was confused when Janey walked back into the room with a couple of peaches and a fruit knife.

I made small talk with Gary while Janey sat on the other end of the bed and carefully sliced up one of the peaches, then made a neat hole either end of the other one and pushed the stone out. Peach juice was running down her fingers, and she started to slowly lick it off while fixing Gary with a very horny stare. This was certainly having

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Photographs by
bella
Scott Evans

Some girls like a relationship, the security of one dependable man the whole time. Not 20-year-old Bella though. "I love sex," the Portsmouth redhead said. "Good, slow, sensual sex. The sort you get

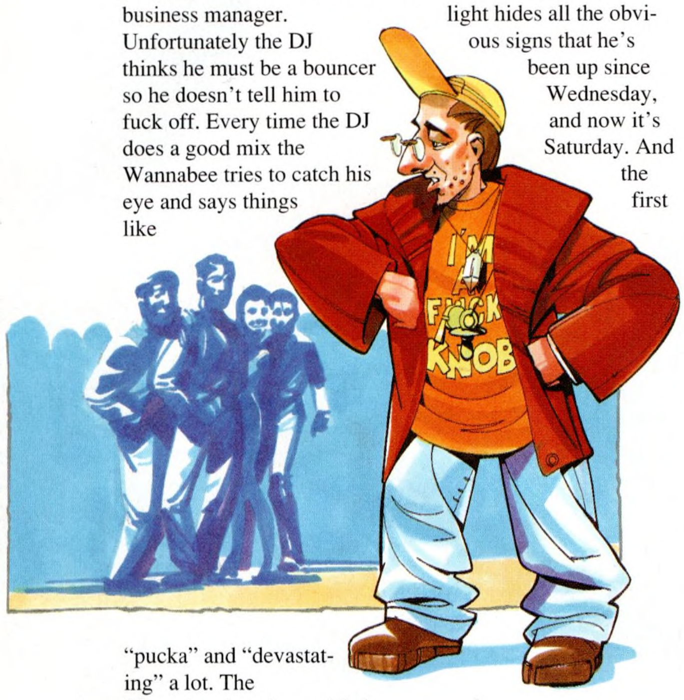
with a new man desperate to please you and give you an orgasm that lasts an eternity. I hate that tired shag you get 'cos it's Saturday and there's nothing on telly. That first exploratory fuck is always the best. Why settle for one guy when you can have that every time?" Good point, Bella... ♣

guide to clubbers

Rave culture might reckon to be all about 'the individual' but after a few nights out at the clubs around the country it's not hard to spot the stereotypes creeping in...

The DJ-Wannabee

When he's not sticking his head in the bass bins banging his head slightly out of time, he's hanging around the decks like he's the DJ's business manager. Unfortunately the DJ thinks he must be a bouncer so he doesn't tell him to fuck off. Every time the DJ does a good mix the Wannabee tries to catch his eye and says things like "pucka" and "devastating" a lot. The Wannabee is to be avoided at all costs, unless of course you want to know how many beats per minute there is on the latest white label, limited edition Tibetan import of Klaaaaaxxxxion Oveeeerrrdrive, remixed by his "very good friend" John.

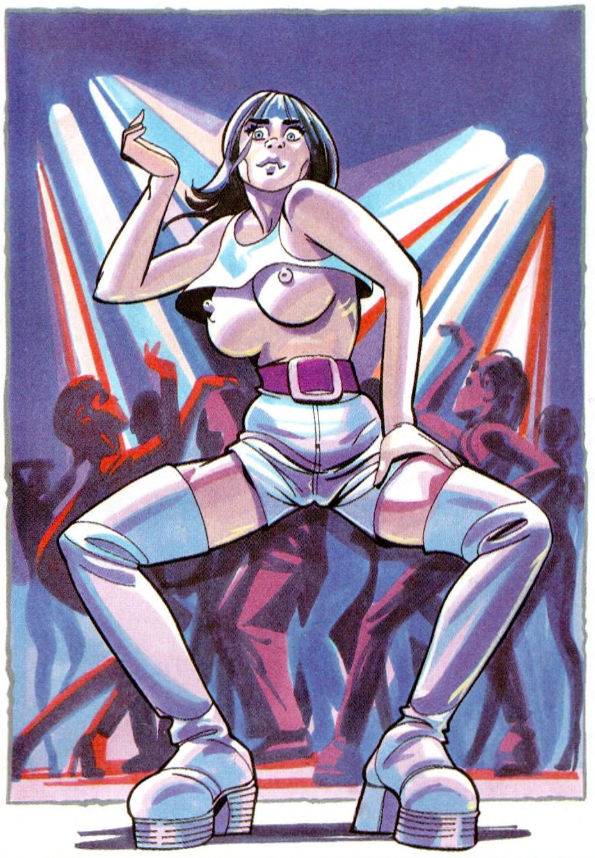


The Nutter

The best place to spot the Nutter is in the bogs. On the dancefloor the flourescent light hides all the obvious signs that he's been up since Wednesday, and now it's Saturday. And the first thing he asks you is if you're going on to The Pussy Ranch afterwards, only he knows the girl on the door. The minute the strip lights in the toilets hit him, the Nutter looks like a fallout victim from Chernobyl. His eyes are so bloodshot they resemble a map of the Underground, and if a copper spotted the bags under his eyes he'd have them removed by the bomb squad. The Nutter is constantly checking his pockets for cash he can't remember if he's got, occasionally pulling out a sweaty twenty and asking you if you know anyone who has any E left. Uses the phrase "nice one" a lot and can't recall ever meeting you before the next time you see him.

The All-Night Dancer

She's done out in sexy stackheels, leather hotpants, and doesn't give a monkey's fuck if the whole club and his mother is staring at her tits which are clearly visible throught her sweat-drenched transparent T-shirt. This is the girl who smiles at you all night and waves her arms around like a character off Sesame Street while you prop up the bar and get the courage up to speak to her. But the moment you go and say hello you realise she's so out-to-lunch on illegal substances that she must pay for her Evian water with a Diners Card. But don't worry; console yourself with the fact that no one else will be able to get off with her either. On a good night the All-Night Dancer loses up to four stone in body fluids alone.



The Trendy

Decked out from head to toe in John Richmond Destroy gear, bought the very day it hit the shops, the Trendy stands a foot or two away from people when he's talking to them so everyone can

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IN THE BAG

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an effect on him, he shifted uncomfortably on the bed as the bulge in his trousers grew visibly larger. Then suddenly Janey stood up and quickly slipped out of her jeans to reveal a skimpy pair of white briefs. "Juice everywhere," she grinned sexily.

My eyes almost popped out of my head, but before I had the chance to say or do anything, Janey jumped back onto the bed and leaned across to Gary. "Shall I get that out for you?" she purred, very gently stroking the swelling at the front of his trousers.

"Yeah, I'd like that," he replied, blurting out the words excitedly. I've never been so wet and turned on, completely hooked by what was happening just a few feet away. She very slowly undid his trousers and eased out his cock.

"Wow!" I breathed huskily as I watched Janey move forward and delicately wrap her lips around his purple helmet. Gary let out a deep moan of pleasure at the same time.

While gently stroking his tight, swollen balls, Janey took the cored peach and placed it over his bell-end. Juice trickled down Gary's length as she gently worked the fruit over and around the sensitive head. She pulled back for a second to admire her handiwork, then began to nibble the luscious fruit. Gary was going delirious with pleasure.

By now I had my hand up my dress and was eagerly working my fingers up my tight, wet pussy – I just didn't care. Gary began thrashing around on the bed, then suddenly let out an urgent cry.

"Ooooh, yes," shrieked Janey as an arc of spunk began shooting wildly from the eye of his cock. Her mouth quickly locked around his length and Janey hungrily gobbled the rest down her throat. I started to shudder, an orgasm vibrating through me as I revelled in the whole, horny sight happening right in front of me.

Gary then lay back on the bed with his eyes tightly closed, rubbing his twitching shaft, while Janey turned her attentions towards me. She brought her face close to mine,

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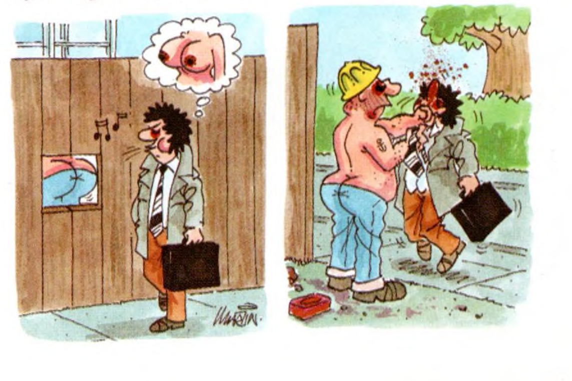
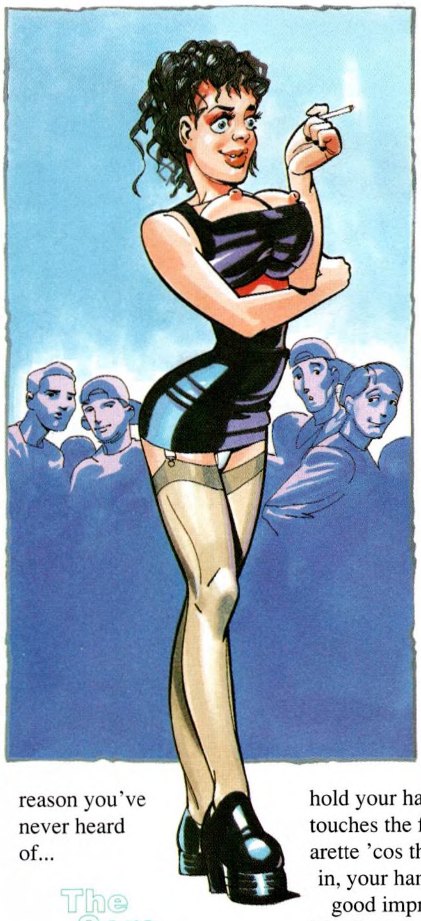


see that he's wearing three grand's worth of man-made fibre. You'll rarely see the Trendy wearing the same thing twice, but if you do, run up to him and tell him you liked that T-shirt the last time you saw him. Twenty minutes later look for his dead body in the bogs, wrists freshly slashed.

The Pusher

The Pusher is rarely seen, only heard. He appears on your shoulder like a parrot and squawks something about "E, pills, powder, capsules, trips, charlie..." The minute he's got someone's cash he's timing how long it'll take before they realise they've just bought a Boots own-brand asprin and a wrap of baking powder. In the meantime he peddles as many Halib Oranges ("they're Tango Rush Riders, mate – they're wicked") as possible, then makes for the door. Uses the word "mate" a lot, and tells you about a great little Ambient club on the other side of town where he usually goes, which for some reason you've never heard of...



The Sore Thumb

Easily spotted, this one. He's the one with the suit on, overheating faster than a Reliant Robin on a Bank Holiday Sunday round the M25. Says things like "Er, hey, er, man, is there nowhere in here a man can get a good tab of F, for God's sake?", while dragging on a joss stick.

The Undercover Policeman

Even easier to spot is the Undercover copper, dressed in brand new designer wear (labels swinging freely in the air-conditioning) and a pair of spanking new brogues, so new they creak when he 'mingle' on the dancefloor. Always the first to ask if there's "anything going about 'cos I'd like to get sorted" (even while you're still queuing outside) and paying for it with a fifty pound note from an envelope marked Petty Cash. Come three o'clock the Undercover copper is also the only person in the place yawning like a three-year-old at a Wagner concert.

The Sure Thing

If there is any such thing as a Sure Thing in a Rave club she looks a bit like this: black Minnie-Mouse-style platforms, black stockings and suspenders, black micro-skirt and a black Wonderbra that lifts her tits up so high you think she's got a double chin. The Sure Thing will single you out, smile sweetly and offer you a cigarette from the packet of ten she keeps in her bra. She'll expect you to light hers and she'll have to hold your hand while she touches the flame to her cigarette 'cos the state you're in, your hand is doing a good impression of a Moulinex mixer. From then on it's easier than smoking a joint in front of your grandmother and telling her it's a herbal cigarette from the Body Shop. Says things like "yes" a lot. ♣

STAR SPOT

We like comedian-cum-smart-arse-TV host **Mark Lamarr** so we gave him a chance to tell the world how such an ugly little bugger as him got so rich and famous...

"People said I would come in for a lot of stick when I started doing *The Word*," confesses turbo-tongued Mark Lamarr of his decision to take a job on the much maligned late-night show. "And I'm quite happy to take shit for what I do."

Thing is Mark didn't need the aggravation. He was getting plenty of that in his usual role as a stand-up comedian.

"I remember doing a spot just before a Dr And The Medics gig and I came on rolling drunk and the audience didn't know who the fuck I was. I walked on and got a can full in the face. Next time I tried to get up and some bloke pulled me off stage and tried to beat me up. Fortunately the security guys bailed me out. I was legless. I used to drink a lot in those days. Now I haven't touched a drop in two years."

Of slight build and at around 5 ft 9 (plus two inches of well-gelled quiff) Mr Lamarr is not the most imposing of blokes, but he can, he insists, handle himself.

"I've had hundreds of fights. That's all I did when I was younger," confesses Mark. "When I was about 16 and living in Swindon I used to fight and drink because there was nothing else to do."

Although he insists he's not like that any more, it was always something that came in handy in later life, like with his other job knocking on people's front doors in the early hours of the morning for his spot on *The Big Breakfast*. "Fortunately no-one has yet tried to hit me or told me to fuck off, they've all been very nice. Like once we turned up on people's doorsteps with a Brazilian dance band. People can be very understanding."

Some of his past audiences on the comedy circuit haven't been quite so accommodating.

"I don't know what it is. I'm not offensive to anyone. The last time I had a really bad fight was about two and a half years ago when I got a pasting from about 15 blokes and they split my nose open and I ended up in hospital. All because I spoke to one of their girlfriends!"

The irony of all this is that Mark got into comedy to get away from the rough stuff, though even that was an accident.

"I wrote this poem when I was younger and sent it off to a publisher and then got this phone call from a theatre who had seen it published wanting to know if I could read some of my poems. I said yeah. I'd love to, but the thing was I hadn't fucking written any more. So on the Tube over to see them I started scribbling any old bollocks, and they loved it! Suddenly I was being interviewed on TV and radio. At the time I didn't have a job and was just loafing around and I just thought fuck me, I'll have some of this!"

And have some of it he most certainly did, earning anything up to £1,000 a week and ending up as compere at the Comedy Store in London's Leicester Square.

Apart from the money, the other perk of working the comedy circuit is the women. And as a million magazine surveys keep telling us, if there's one thing that a female finds attractive in a man it's his sense of humour.

"I suppose it's true. Quite often women ask me out after gigs, though you like to think that they would do that anyway. But they don't. If I was just in a nightclub and not doing comedy it wouldn't happen. It's not like they are groupies, but the nature of what you do means that you get to chat to a lot of people after the gig."

But it's not all such a congenial, fanny magnet of a job. Some of the audiences, says Mr Lamar, can be pretty unforgiving.

"It's amazing when a comedian goes on stage and if he doesn't make people laugh they can get really hateful."

So, apart from a punch in the face, what is his favourite put down for a heckler?

" It's very rare that you get a good heckler. Though I met my girlfriend because she was heckling me. You have to keep getting back at them and every time she said something I would have a go back at her and all the time I was thinking, God she's gorgeous. I got talking to her after the gig. In fact it was the same week that I had a fight with someone."

A thought suddenly flashes across his face, as he adds with another grin: "So one night I might beat a heckler up and the next I might sleep with them." ♣

SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by
Maria Clarke

Now I bet many of you didn't think I could handle a tool or two, did you! Well, as it happens I'm quite good at adjusting my big end, fiddling with my clutch and greasing up the odd shaft and what's even better is that I get myself nice and greasy in the process!

You know, the other day I was sure I could hear something odd knocking between my legs and sure enough a quick inspection revealed just what I feared — I'd been riding along in the wrong gear! So after peeling off my leathers and stepping into the tightest pair of denim hotpants I could find, I felt much better! Then I went to pick up my mate Sandy and we went off for that ride I'd always promised her.

Of course, now I've taken my bike to bits I'm not quite sure how to put it all back together again, what am I going to do? Say! You don't think one of you fellas could pop over here and show me where to put what, do you? Come on then! I can't wait to get back on something hot and throbbing again...

Lucy x

If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large, stamped self-addressed envelope.

Coast Battery Co.
BATTERY
No. 3912-H

PATENT PENDING

LETTERS TO

Lucy

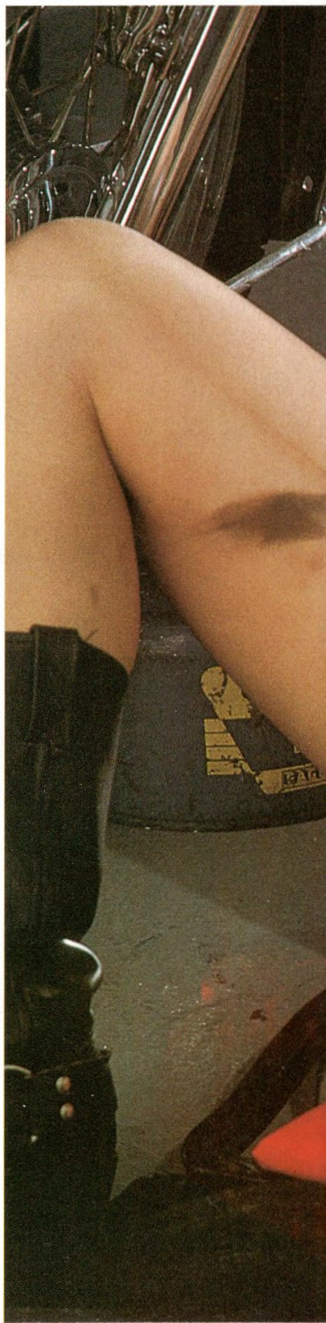
Dear Lucy,
Since I first saw your pictures in Club my feet haven't touched the ground!

You always manage to look so sexy, teasing and horny with your long legs, perfect tits and that wicked smile on your pretty face!

I would love to see you in kinky high-heeled boots, tiny black panties and garterbelt all topped off with a red leather biker jacket. Sounds pretty sexy, doesn't it?

Oh, by the way can you answer me something? What exactly do you wear in bed?
Mark, Holland

Well, thanks for the compliments Mark, (sweet card too). You're making me blush, you cheeky thing! Your fantasy



sounds pretty good too, and as for what I wear in bed, well I'll tell you. Between you and me, and promise not to telll anyone, but I don't wear anything but my favourite perfume, Chanel No. 5!

Dear Lucy,
I'm sure I speak for an awful lot of us fellas when I say I really don't mind what you wear as you always look so smashing!

Having said that though, I don't know if you do requests but is there any chance of you getting hold of something really naughty like a WPC's outfit? My best mate Tony's in the force and it'd make his day to see you dolled up in something like that!
Andy, Leicester
Oooh, I don't think all the boys in blue would like that much, Andy, but I'll tell you what. You send in a few of your mate stripping for me, and I'll do the same for him! Is that a deal?! ♣

MONEY FOR OLD SOAP?

Neighbours, nudity and Numan. **James T Bone's** darkest sexual fantasy? Nope, it's just another music column...

Just what is it about appearing in a soap opera that makes someone think it would be a good idea to release a record? Heaven only knows, but already this year we've seen record releases from Nick Berry (*Eastenders* and *Heartbeat*), Michelle Gayle (*Eastenders*), Melissa Bell (*Neighbours*), Cy Chadwick (*Emmerdale*) and even Bill Tarmey (Jack Duckworth in *Coronation Street*, ferchrissakes). As you'd expect, all these offerings have been frighteningly forgettable. In fact the only thing we've been left with is a worrying trend, with the news that MTV presenters Marijne Van Der Vlugt and **Simone Angel** both have singles out this month. You'll hardly be surprised to hear that neither is what you'd call a song, but it does give us a chance to print a picture of Simone. Nice, isn't she?

Gary Numan – Or a World War II Kamikaze pilot. You decide...

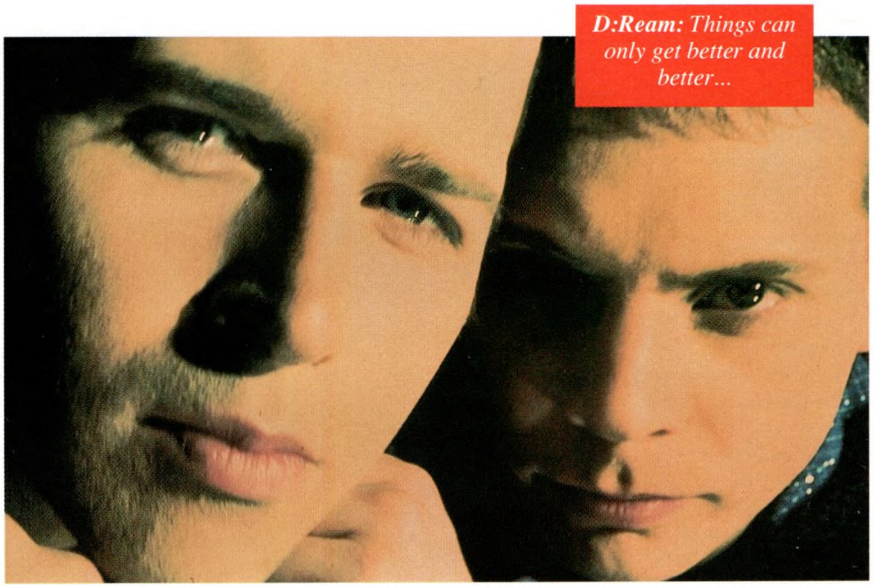
● Sadly, I'd hoped that the spectacle of a footballer making a prick of himself in the pop charts had been forgotten. How wrong I was...

Not content with being the Premier League's top scorer, **Ian Wright**, has teamed up with Pet Shop Boy and Arsenal fan, Chris Lowe, and his first single, *Do The Right Thing* should be hitting the Woolworth's 49p bin even as we speak.

And after penning the England World Cup song a few years ago, New Order's Bernard Sumner goes into the studio with Manchester United striker Lee Sharpe later on in the year to record his single. Lord help us...

● Speaking of **New Order**, fans of the glum Mancy band will have no doubt have been pleased with the recent *South Bank Show* special. But surely the programming of the episode left something to be desired, going out on August 29th – the same day Bernard, Hooky and the other two played what was rumoured to be their last gig at the Reading festival. A spokesman for Carlton TV admitted that the clash was "unfortunate". Fucking drop-dead stupid, more like.

D:Ream: Things can only get better and better...



● Now, chances are when you've been swirling around the dancefloor at three in the morning to some of the coolest sounds around, then **D:Ream** will have been your musical accompaniment, whether you've known it or not!

The soulful sounds of Peter Cunnah, created with the aid of DJ Al Mackenzie, are the closest you'll come to understanding the movement of the dance scene and came from a distinctly untrendy rock scene in Cunnah's native Ireland, before he was switched on to soul power having relocated to London. Still, his background of songs rather than sounds has produced D-Ream's influential textures: "I'm trying to make sense of the experience I got out of clubs, which was a realisation and a good feeling. That is what we endeavour to convey when we play live."

The band's debut album, *D:Ream On*, capitalises on the band's two top 25 hits, and the depth of songwriting displayed suggests that here is an act that will mean something long after the flashing lights have faded.

Rage Against the Machine: One for the ladies?

● Agit rockers **Rage Against The Machine** staged a demonstration against censorship at a recent concert in the States... by peeling off their clothes and standing naked onstage for twelve minutes.

With black tape across their mouths and the letters PMRC (America's right-wing clean-up campaigners) written across their chests, they soon had the 14,000 crowd heading for the bar.

Singer Zach De La Rocha said later, "Censorship on every level should be confronted and obliterated". Quite. But why the hell can't En Vogue adopt a similar stand, eh?

● Finally, after the death of race ace James Hunt earlier this year, **Gary Numan** has decided to pay his own tribute by re-releasing *Cars*; news that will no doubt have the former race driver doing wheelspins in his grave.

Remixed, repackaged and revolting, the 1979 chart-topper boasts a number of new remixes that should

They say that the journey's as interesting as the destination, so we've decided to lock horns with the newest band on London's hip circuit to find out how the hell you make it to the top if you want to Rock 'n' Roll – and whether anybody actually cares about the music any more.

"As long as we can have the sex and drugs, we aren't as bothered about the rock 'n' roll," claims Kieran, vocalist and keyboardist from Surrey-based wannabes All New Accelerators.

The band, comprising Kieran and female vocalist Nicolette, drummer Tara, God's guitarist Mick and bassist Nick Nice, have been together for a year, honing a style that crosses "rock music with a punk ethic", playing some of the more salubrious spots on the London club circuit and working themselves into shape for an assault on A&R ears. "Any noise is noise," says Nicolette. "Providing the attitude is right. It's more a question of lifestyle. We spend all of our time out of it, we can't stand work and there are a lot of people who can relate to that. There's a whole generation out there that has the same mentality."

Does it help in your songwriting? "Well you're going to have a perspective that you wouldn't otherwise get if you spend a lot of time wandering around the West End at

All New Accelerators: *Automatic for the party people* guarantee its place alongside Ian Wight's 45 in the Woolworth's bargain bin.

Our Gary has also given details of a competition that if you're unlucky enough to win, should see you joining Mr Hunt sooner than you think. Not only is Gary a world-renowned performer, but he's an award-winning display pilot, we're told. And the lucky winner gets a chance to win a white knuckle ride with Gary at the controls!

Simone Angel: The smart money's on Jack Duckworth...

Remember this is the man who's had half a dozen major crashes, including a memorable occasion in 198 when he was arrested on suspicion of being a spy in India after making a crash-landing there. Thanks, but no thanks, Gary. I'd rather go helicopter riding with Mike Smith...♣

six in the morning after being out of your head all night," offers Kieran. "We operate in cliches, but the old cliches are the best!"

So have you got anything recorded yet?

"We've written eight songs, but we've nothing on tape. Someone says he wants to remix us, but God knows how he can do that when there's nothing recorded!"

So how do the band react to being featured in a mag of this ilk? "Brilliant," claims Nicolette. "All the music papers have their heads up their arses anyway." Which is something this organ can claim never to have indulged in! ♣

Photographs by Jack Harrison

julie

"A lot of fellas have said that I'm tu-tu hot to handle," smirks the rather splendid Julie. And we ballet well believe them too! After all, the response to the 19-year-year old was so overwhelming when she debuted in Club a short

while ago, that we knew we'd have to get the lady to give an encore performance sooner, rather than later.

"And you provided the flowers too, you sweeties," she beams. Well, they say that romance is the quickest way to a woman's heart. And some other places too, by the look of it! ♣

AWAY WITH NAT!

Follow foul mouthed restaurant critic **Sir Nat Fatbastard** in search of good food, fine wine and a toilet with some paper in

Day 1: Lewisham to Soho

This morning I woke up in my Lewisham pied-a-terre with my noddle throbbing. Even though I'd been up all night, it was still full to the brim. If I didn't let it flood out in the Club office, I would explode. I had had an idea that would keep me in work and expenses claims for months. However, when I arrived in Soho, I found things had changed.

The Club HQ used to be in the bowels of the earth and smell like the earth of your bowels. However, I discovered they had moved their bowels, and now had smart new offices. Not only that, the scrawny git with the gelled blonde hair who looked like a used cotton bud had been replaced by a designer thug. You know the sort – thinks he's shit-hot because his skid marks are on Calvin Kleins rather than those cheap shreddies that slide right up your crack. Snob or not, I took him to the pub.

We went to *The White Whore* (84, Wannasia Show Street, W1) and I bought him a pint of Rumpy Pumpy Jack Designer Cider (£2.50) and a bag of McCraps Corrugated Crisps (Sally Gunnell's gusset flavour) for 60p. After a few of those, he was farting so badly his Chinos smelled like a crap in an orchard, and I judged it was time to put my idea to him.

"Remember that twat off Monty Python who went round the world – Michael Palim-itation-of-what-he-used-to-be?" I began. "Well how about paying for me to go round the globe in 80 days eating, drinking and shagging as many nationalities of women as I can? We could call it Fatbastard's Pole-to-Hole!'"

"I don't know..." he said. "The new publisher's tighter than a bull's arse in the mating season, how about just making it the UK?"

I agreed and we celebrated with another few pints. I left the new editor crapping apples in the toilet.

"I shall see you in 80 days!" I shouted through the door.

"Oh, there's no need to hurry..." he muttered.

Judging by the smell I reckon you could paint his shit green and sell it as French Golden Delicious...

Day 2: London – Tunbridge Wells

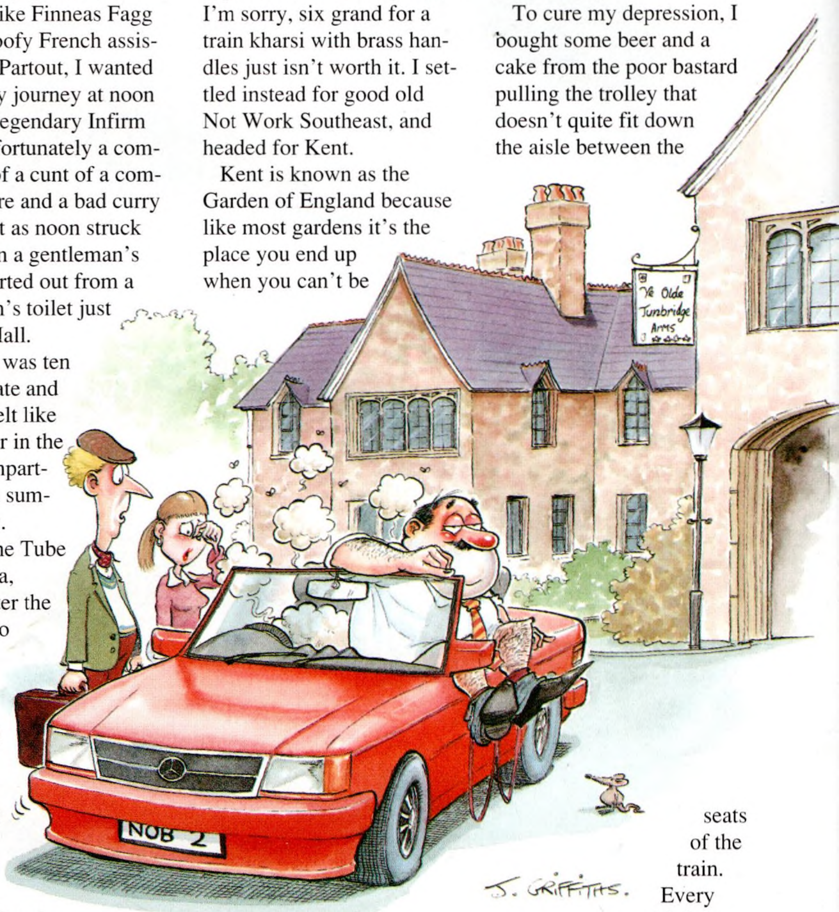
So the next day I set off on my epic voyage around Britain. Like Finneas Fagg and his poofy French assistant Arse Partout, I wanted to start my journey at noon from the legendary Infirm Club. Unfortunately a combination of a cunt of a commissionaire and a bad curry meant that as noon struck rather than a gentleman's club, I started out from a gentleman's toilet just off Pall Mall. Already I was ten minutes late and my arse felt like a Mars bar in the glove compartment on a summer's day.

I took the Tube to Victoria, named after the queen who wasn't amused. I'm not surprised! Any station with one ticket counter and 25 branches of Sock Shop is guaranteed to wipe the smile off anyone's face. Lingerie, French bread, fresh coffee and patterned ties are all available. I settled for a double chocolate croissant (£1.50) served by a good-looking girl in a crap-looking hat. After eating it, my trousers were covered in so many flakes and stains, I looked like I'd been shagging an incontinent sufferer with scabies.

Unlike the wanker still living off the fucking Parrot Sketch, I didn't begin my trip on the Orient Express. I'm sorry, six grand for a train kharsi with brass handles just isn't worth it. I settled instead for good old Not Work Southeast, and headed for Kent.

Kent is known as the Garden of England because like most gardens it's the place you end up when you can't be arsed going anywhere else. As I read the stick-on map next to my seat, I noticed some wag with a felt-tip pen and no GCSEs had altered Kent Link to Kunt Link. When I saw Orpington I knew what he meant. Orpington is home of the Vauxhall Cavalier, 2.4 children and the bolt-on conservatory. The houses are semi-detached and the owners totally detached. The best way to see Orpington is from the train — because it doesn't stop.

To cure my depression, I bought some beer and a cake from the poor bastard pulling the trolley that doesn't quite fit down the aisle between the seats of the train. Every third row he crashed into one, pulling his arm out of its socket. Some day he'll just open the door at 80 mph and push the bloody thing out. I would. The beer was four warm cans of Stella Fartwars (£2



PROBE!

You may know some, and you may even become one, but that's still no reason to like them. **Ann Knitted-Jumper** takes a closer look at an age old problem...

So tell me, where do these old dears come from? You know, the ones that push you out of the way at bus stops, lever their tartan shopping trolleys onto your foot in supermarkets and go on about how it wasn't like this in their day and it was made of wood.

I mean, what are the advantages of being old? Your teeth are in a glass instead of your mouth, your savings have all been spent on a brand new Nissan Micra you'll never take over 20 and suddenly all the energy you used to spend on shagging now goes on gardening. I mean, who needs these people? What purpose do they serve?

Fashion experts? Not unless your idea of being the hippest thing on the streets means wearing mouldy brown cardigans and having a wife with blue hair.

Oh, and while we're on the subject, why do they all hate anybody younger than they are? What is it exactly we've done? Laughed out loud? Cuddled our girlfriend openly? Chewed gum?

And have you noticed how their hunting instincts rise to the surface whenever a jumble sale comes to town? Christ they can barge you out the way with their needle sharp elbows then all right, but when it comes to crossing the road they take so much time there's a queue of traffic behind you stretching to Glasgow.

And another thing. They never disagree with each other. You'll hear one of them say something crappy about how awful the weather is and her companion will

George Burns: *Older than God*

Thora Hird: *Old biddy*

each) and the cake a cookie with lumps of chocolate that looked like sheep had been grazing on it. Still it kept the wolf from the door — if not the brownies from the back door. I arrived in Tunbridge Wells with the desire to pebbledash some porcelain.

Royal Tunbridge Wells is more stuck-up than a cunt in casualty who's tried to get a blow-job off a hoover. There are no public crappers, so I had to go straight to my hotel with the terracotta army still trying to break down my back entrance with a large log. *Ye Olde Royale Tunbridge Arms* had so many BMWs and Mercs in the car park they probably think the Renault 5 is a group of Frenchmen wrongly convicted for terrorist offences. However the receptionist had the sort of smile that had my cock doing 0-8 inches in four seconds.

"Before I book in, where's the shitter, darling?" I asked.

"I'm sorry?" she said looking down her nose.

"The kharsi, the bog, the three-piss suite!" I shrieked.

"I don't understand..."

There wasn't time to explain. I rushed outside whipped down my terylenes and dumped my lump into an open top Mercedes 500 SEL with beige leather interior. At least my crap was colour co-ordinated, but Lord Orpington and his wife Lavinia didn't see it that way. I spent my first night of my epic journey sleeping on a park bench on the A23. ♣

never say anything like, "Oh come off it, Ivy – you're talking bollocks. It's boiling". No, she'll just pull her cardy round her and shiver in agreement. And why are old people the only ones that pop tissues up their sleeves?

And if it wasn't for all these old dears none of us would ever get £2 Woolworths vouchers at Christmas, stories of what Croydon was like in the War, how funny Roy Hudd is and er, ahem, a mint when it's will-reading time... gawd bless 'em I say! Now, who'd like a nice cuppa? ♣

petra

Photographs by Michael Moore

The last time pert and pouty Petra appeared in Club, she expounded at length about the value of sun, sea and sex. So has she indulged her passions since the last time we saw her? "Of course," she purrs. "I got another

assigment to the Seychelles and met a fella, so I expounded on his length too! Making love under the stars sounds corny, but believe me, don't knock something until you've tried it." We can believe it. The feel of the wind whistling through your hair has a certain appeal, but whistling through Petra's would be so much better! ♣

MY FIRST TIME

In the first of a new series, Club readers talk openly about the moments that changed their lives forever...

"I never thought I'd be telling anyone about this," whispered Paula, a 21-year-old secretary from Worthing, as she nervously ran her hands through her hair, "but I've got this far so I guess I'd better tell you all about it.

"It was a Saturday night. I was 16 at the time and pretty naive about that sort of thing. I mean, I'd heard about it, and I'd even seen my parents do it, but I hadn't actually pictured it ever happening to me, you know. I almost felt it was like something that was reserved for the rich and famous!

"Anyway, I was on my way home from the school disco one night with this boy. I'll call him John in case he's reading this, but his real name is Daren Turner from Brighton. We were just walking up the High Street, talking about music or something like that, when he stopped me in my tracks, looked up and down the road and said 'Come on, let's do it'.

"I didn't know where to look, so I just stared at him as he started fumbling with the zipper on his coat. I knew exactly what he had in mind so I just blurted it out: 'Yes let's, but I want to go on top,' knowing all the time that I hadn't even seen one close up. I'd thought about doing it of course, especially when I was in bed at night masturbating, but I didn't think I'd be doing it on the way home from the school disco with a virtual stranger! I just hoped no-one saw us...

"Anyway, John pulled me into this bus shelter and said, 'Are you ready?' and I just as I said yes, this bus pulled up — and we got on! Yes really! We both just got on this bus. Before I knew what we were doing we were going up the stairs and sitting down together near the front!

"Suddenly, I felt dizzy and everything started swimming around in front of me. I tried fumbling for my change. I knew the conductor was staring, and then suddenly it hit me: 'I'm going along the road on a bus without my parents!' Then the panic really set in. I just froze. I couldn't even slide the window open for some fresh air. I didn't know what to do. I remember wishing John had just shagged me in a dark alley instead.

"Luckily John was very understanding and we got off at the next stop. He apologised for being so insistent but I knew the fault didn't really lie with him. When my parents found out they hit the roof and my dad threatened to hit Daren too, but you know, I think it was

AGONY AUNTIE

Maud Ruggs bends over forwards to offer her advice on personal problems

Dear Auntie,
I'm in a terrible mess. My wife has run off with another woman, taken the kids, my car, everything. I've lost my job, I'm drinking like a fish and smoking twenty packs a day. What can I do?
Suicidal, Newport

Auntie smiles through the pain

You think you've got problems!? I had to wait ages for a bus this morning and now my back's killing me. I said when I bought these shoes that they weren't worth two grand, but since I slipped a disc I find that wearing expensive high heels helps. So don't come moaning to me about your bloody life when I'm in serious pain. Aaaargh! There goes my back again! Don't just sit there – get my pills. And while you're at it fuck off and get a life.

WIFE OF THE MONTH

Mrs Pat Cash

Conclusive proof that behind every great man there's a great woman — with a great pair of knockers...

Lucky husband Pat may be one of the world's top serve and volley tennis players, but we reckon his missus is an ace! The jammy Aussie bastard...

If you fancy a celebrity's wife, why not nominate her for Club International's Wife of the Month slot. It could help her to cope with the pressures of being married to a very famous man and aid her in regaining a sense of pride in herself and her knockers. ♣

Dear Janna,

I've never been the jealous sort, but I was as green as Kermit the Frog when I saw your pictures in Club (Vol 22 No 9). That lucky sod who took your photographs, Jack Harrison, must be walking around with one hell of a smile plastered across his face. I'm a bit of a photographer myself – strictly amateur, you understand – but I'd do anything to have the chance to get you into my studio...

I've set up a double bed and your eyes widen and a naughty grin spreads over your face when you arrive.

"Mmm, this is a bit big for one," you purr, lying back and slowly peeling off your tight skirt and skimpy top. "Wanna come over and join me, Liam?"

I set the camera on its self-timer and race over to the bed. You waste no time in getting to grips with me, yanking down my trousers and pushing me onto my back on the bed.

Grabbing my rigid tool, you slowly ease apart your legs and sit astride me, guiding my cock inside your wonderfully warm cunt. You start to bob up and down, really grinding down hard on me, while I reach up and tease and tweak your nipples. The more I fon-

Dear Auntie,
I like going to discos but I never seem to be able to chat to girls. I don't think I'm bad looking, I'm just shy. I know I must sound silly, but what can I do?
Spotty, Hull

Oh, for God's sake grow up. I'm getting a headache just listening to your twining, and there's a hell of a draught on my back too. So be a love and close the window after you've jumped out of it.

Till next month, look after yourselves, loves. But remember, whatever pain you may be in, you can be sure it's nothing like the agony I'm in! Doctor's say I'm a walking miracle. Kept alive by drugs, me... ♣

then my father realised his daughter wasn't a child anymore, but a woman. A real woman."

But if any girls are reading this, do bear in mind you may not be so lucky when you get a bus. Remember to always carry protection, like an anorak, only go as far as you want to and never forget you can stop the whole thing and get off whenever you want.

Next month: in a frank and sometimes shocking interview, Jenny from Barnet reveals the first time she ever bought a v-neck jumper from Marks. ♣

dle them the harder they get.

Your face is contorted with pleasure and I can feel your warm juices running down over my thighs as I build up the speed and shoot my load deep inside you. You throw your head back as an orgasm pulses through you... just as the flash goes off and captures the wonderful moment on film! – *Liam, St Albans*

Wow... that's a picture I'd love to have framed and above my mantlepiece, Liam! I love getting my picture taken when I'm feeling really randy – forget saying 'cheese' though, I just think 'cock!' – Janna ♣

dionne

Photographs by Bob Twigg

"Why are big breasts always a joke?" asks Dionne, the superbly built receptionist from Derby. "I've lost count of the gags I get at work. And fellas treat them like pillows! My boobs are sensitive and sensual. Just pouring that milk over my nipples had my whole body tingling. Please handle my tits with care." We might get it right — with practice. ♣

LES PROS AND CONS

Big tackling sports expert **Maurice Short** looks into the seedy world of French football, and other things too...

American football British style: Spot the spectator

Football, as Jimmy Greaves oft remarks, is a funny old game – especially in France. The furore sparked by allegations that European cup-winners Marseille attempted to fix a league game against Valenciennes continues to rumble on. Whatever the outcome, the case, which centres around an envelope containing £30,000 that was found buried in a garden on the Belgian border points once again to the rottenness that lies at the core of soccer across the Channel.

Cheerleaders of the pack: Gridiron girls get down!

Since the early 70s French football has been rocked by a series of scandals. My own particular favourite involved Clive Allen's old club Bordeaux. When French Inland Revenue investigators examined the books at the Parc Lescure they found that the club had a number of prostitutes on the payroll. Was this what commentators meant when they told us that a player had been pulled off at half-time, or that a team had enjoyed a long period of domination?

Thankfully, Bordeaux's President, Claude Bez was able to explain. The hookers were used to 'look after' foreign match officials before important European fixtures. Sadly the hookers views were never made public. So we'll never know if the referees waved play-on over deliberate ball-handling offences, or sent them all for an early bath.

● Shock news has reached me from the crimpelene-clad world of golf. It seems that celeb golfers such as Jimmy Tarbuck, Bruce Forsyth and Kenny Lynch have a new recruit to their ranks. Step forward ageing rock legend Bob Dylan.

Bizarre though it may seem, the freewheelin' old acid casualty has recently been sighted on the links of LA. Bob's new interest seems certain to make an impact on his recording career and fans are said to be eagerly awaiting a new protest-folk-rock-and-five-iron album provisionally entitled *Hole 16 Revisited*. At the same time Dylan may well be about to join Peter Allis in the BBC commentary box...

Allis: "Faldo on the edge of the bunker there. A difficult lie. What would you do in his position, Bob?"

Dylan: (Croaking) "I'd walk the streets where hound-dogs creep to the door that bleeds with sighs. I'd talk with the cat in the renegade hat, while the sacred moon it cries."

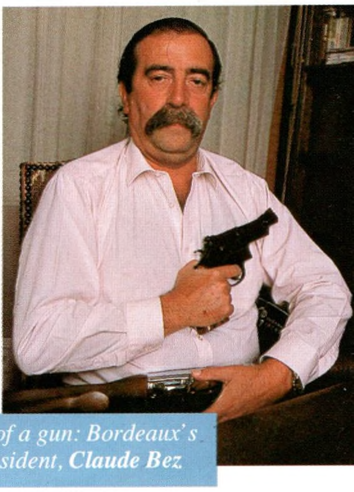
Allis: "So you'd go with the sand-wedge, then?"

Dylan: "That's what I said, ain't it?"

● Everybody's favourite Argentine has been in the news again recently. Diego Maradona has had his contract terminated by Spanish club Sevilla for 'not behaving as a responsible employee'. When the poisoned pygmy of the Pampas threatened legal action against the club, Sevilla revealed that they had used a detective agency to compile a 100 page dossier on the Argentine's private life and would be happy to hand it over to the judge when the case came to court. Maradona has dropped the threats. Now there's a surprise, eh?

● This year's American Bowl Gridiron spectacular at Wembley featuring the Dallas Cowboys drew less than 50,000 spectators. Channel 4's ratings for the game have dropped so much that coverage is being switched from Sunday afternoon to late night Mondays. And the UK based League attracts so few spectators that the crowd is often outnumbered by the players. What can be the reason for this decline?

Simple, Gridiron is shite.



Son of a gun: Bordeaux's president, **Claude Bez**

No European sports fan has ever been attracted to it. So who was? The sort of pimply adolescents in Megadeath t-shirts who hang around the Virgin Games store talking about Warhammer – that's who. To these saddoes American football, with its train-spotterish statistics, *RoboCop* violence and obsession with super-heroes was the ideal TV fodder. Now, of course they've all got Sega megadrive, so they don't need Gridiron.

Which means that may well die out in this country altogether. What a pity.

One of the elements that attracted the sword-and-sorcery brigade to American football was undoubtedly the names of the teams. Macho, juvenile and redo-

Diego Maradona enjoys a quick puff at half-time...

lent of heavy metal album covers: The Philadelphia Eagles, the Seattle Seahawks, the Santa Monica Steroid-Abusers. You might be forgiven for thinking that these names were given to the teams as a means of instilling fierce self-belief into the players. Not so. They were specifically designed to make the job of headlining writing sub-editors a lot easier ('Bears Maul Colts', 'Cowboys Rope Broncos', 'Eagles Crap On Raiders From A Great Height'). To this same end the North American Soccer League gave it's teams dynamic names too. As a result fans could roar on the Jacksonville Tea Men; The Caribous of Colorado; Oakland Stompers; San Diego Jaws and – weirdest of all – Montreal Manic. Strangely the North American Soccer League has closed down.

● Perhaps it's just me, but there seems to be less sport on TV than there used to be. I don't mean in terms of the hours, but the disappearance of ITV's *World of Sport* and its badger-haired frontman, Dickie Davis.

World of Sport must have been the only show ever to regularly feature the World Lumberjack Championship, marlin fishing from Miami and futile attempts at the land-speed record by men from Orpington whose vehicle, Spirit of Britain, proved to be a clapped out Ford Zodiac covered in silver foil. Along with these spectacular international events came British fringe sports such as Speedway, Wrestling, Scrambling and Rally-Cross. Which makes you wonder why Channel 4 bothers with Gridiron, Sumo and Kabbadi. After all, why go searching the world for manure when there's plenty of crap right on your own doorstep?

● Finally... During this summer's South American Football Championship host nation Ecuador surprisingly made it to their first ever semi-finals. This footballing coming of age was too much for the local English language paper who ran their report of the victorious quarter-final under the bemusing headline: 'Ecuador Put On Their Big Trousers'. ♣

jemma

Photographs by Maria Clarke

Oooh la la! What French fancy have we got here? None other than 19-year-old juicy Jemma from Peckham, actually, who shows us the right way to wear a beret and the tight way to wear hot pants! "Well, as I'd never been in Club before I didn't quite know the best thing to put on," grinned the beautiful blonde. Anything, as long as you take it

all off again, we told her as she slowly stripped down to her boots. "So it's okay if I keep them on then?" she asked, letting out a little thigh and running her hands up them. Of course it is, we gulped. Now normally we don't let girls walk all over us, but in those heels... ♣

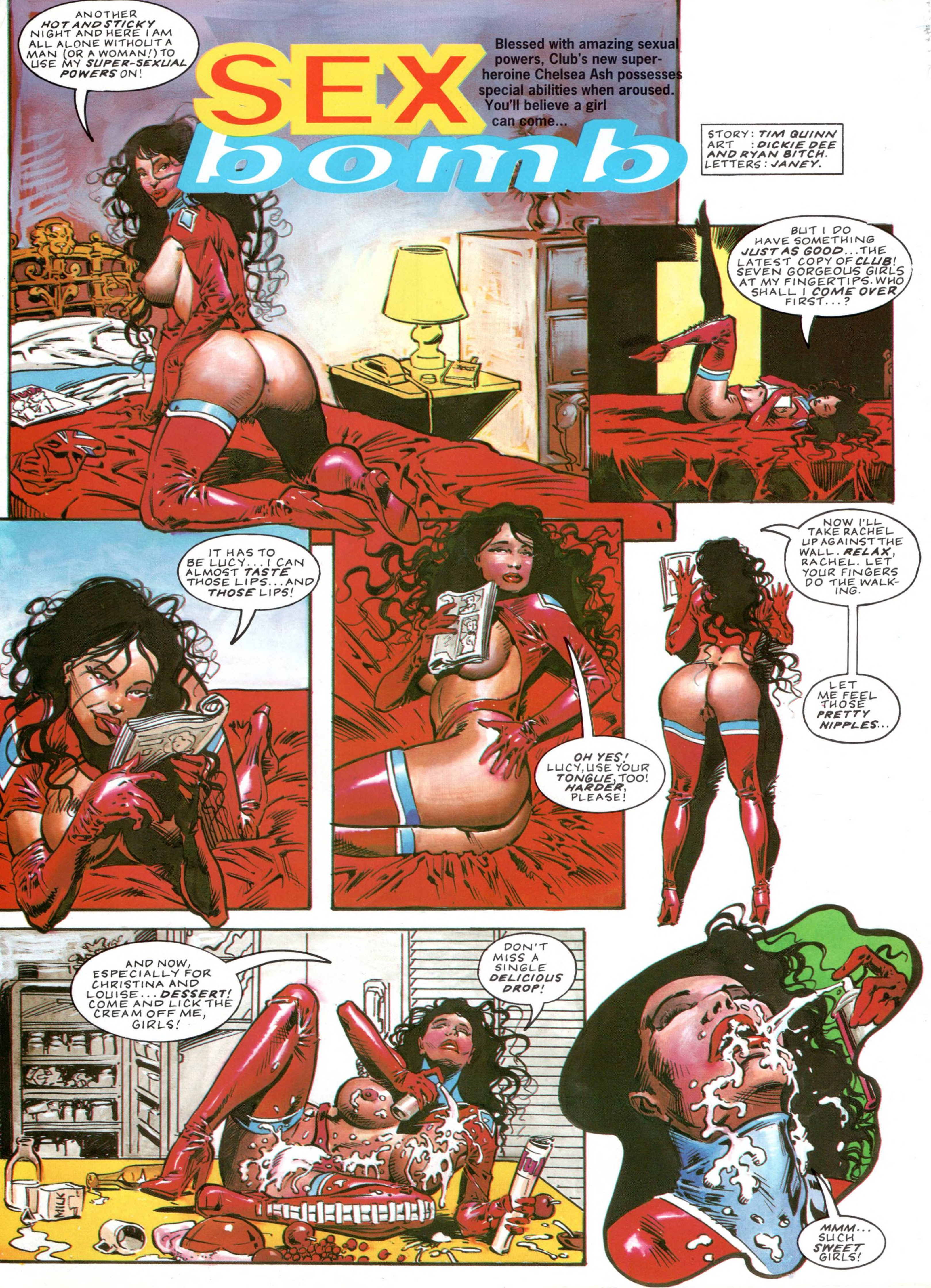
jemma

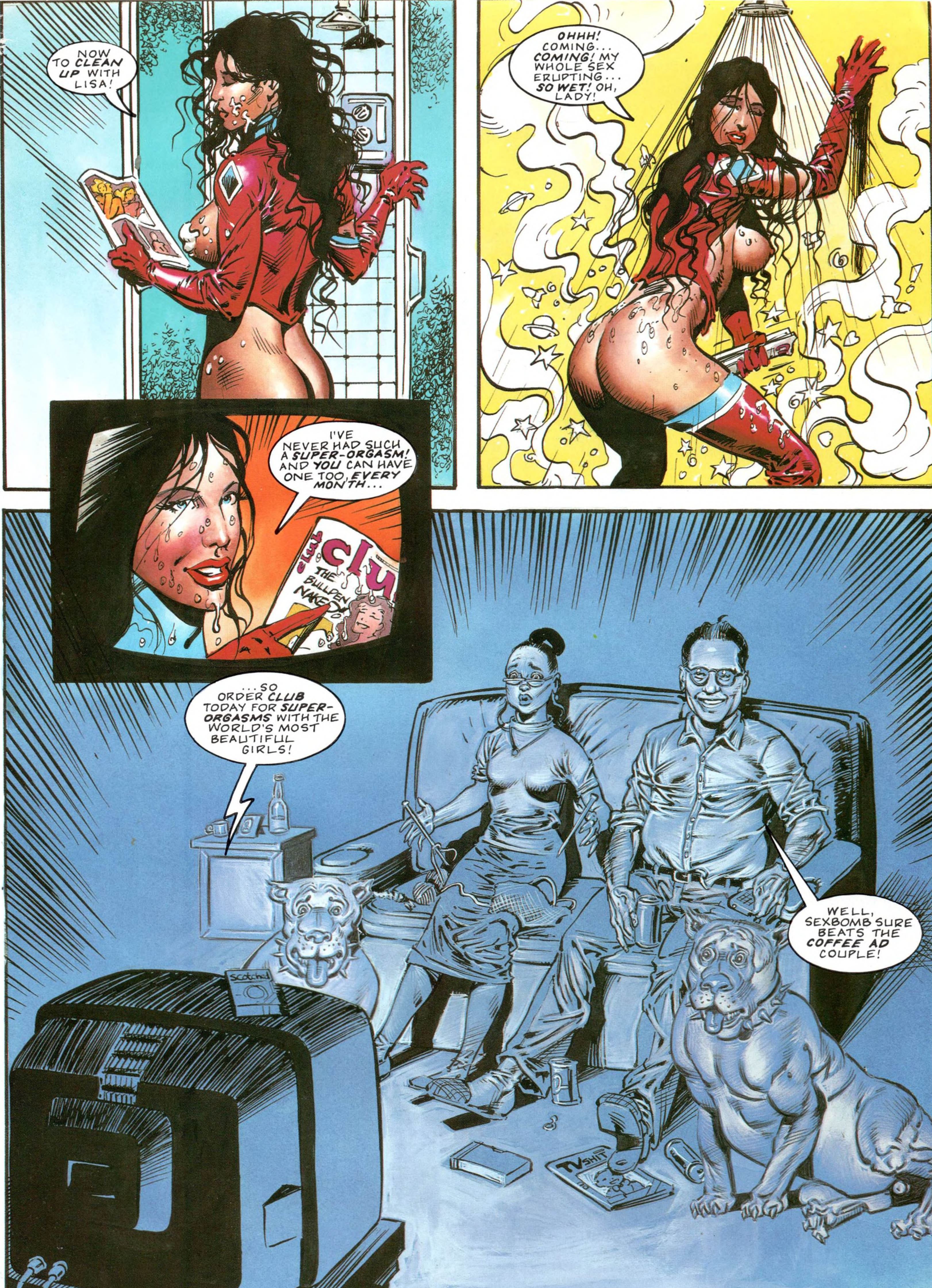
club

SEX bomb

Blessed with amazing sexual powers, Club's new superheroine Chelsea Ash possesses special abilities when aroused. You'll believe a girl can come...

STORY: TIM QUINN
ART : DICKIE DEE AND RYAN BITCH.
LETTERS: JANEY.


ANOTHER **HOT AND STICKY** NIGHT AND HERE I AM ALL ALONE WITHOUT A MAN (OR A WOMAN!) TO USE MY **SUPER-SEXUAL POWERS** ON!
BUT I DO HAVE SOMETHING **JUST AS GOOD**... THE LATEST COPY OF **CLUB**! SEVEN GORGEOUS GIRLS AT MY FINGERTIPS. WHO SHALL I **COME OVER** FIRST...?
IT HAS TO BE LUCY... I CAN ALMOST **TASTE** THOSE LIPS... AND **THOSE** LIPS!
OH YES! LUCY, USE YOUR **TONGUE**, TOO! **HARDER**, PLEASE!
NOW I'LL TAKE RACHEL UP AGAINST THE WALL. **RELAX**, RACHEL. LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE WALKING.
LET ME FEEL THOSE **PRETTY NIPPLES**...
AND NOW, ESPECIALLY FOR CHRISTINA AND LOUISE... **DESSERT!** COME AND LICK THE CREAM OFF ME, GIRLS!
DON'T MISS A SINGLE **DELICIOUS DROP!**
MILK
MMM... SUCH **SWEET** GIRLS!

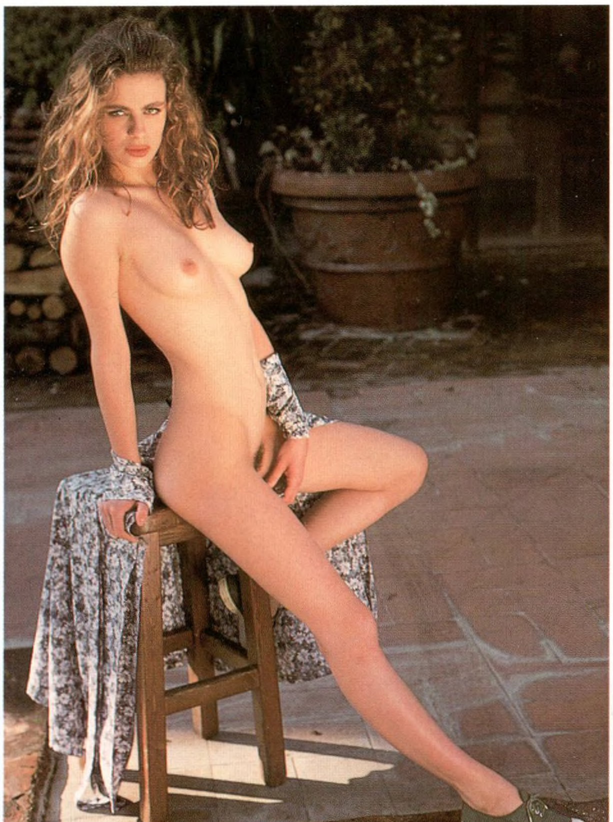

NOW TO CLEAN UP WITH LISA!
OHHH! COMING... COMING! MY WHOLE SEX ERUPTING... SO WET! OH, LADY!
I'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A SUPER-ORGASM! AND YOU CAN HAVE ONE TOO, EVERY MONTH...
CLUB
THE BULLPEN NAKED!
...SO ORDER CLUB TODAY FOR SUPER-ORGASMS WITH THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS!
WELL, SEXBOMB SURE BEATS THE COFFEE AD COUPLE!
scotched
TV SHIT

Stephanie

Photographs by Michael Moore

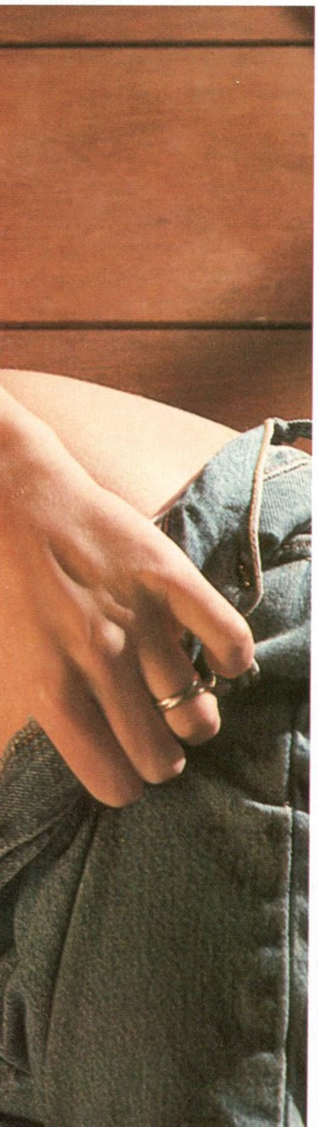
Now here's one Stephanie we know you'll be wanting to see-more of! (Leave it out! — Ed*)*

"I love the country girl look," she purrs. "It makes me feel like I'm getting back to nature. Trouble is, I don't seem to keep those lovely floral dresses on for very long!" Not that we think there'll be any complaints



from you about our 20-year-old debutante, dear readers.

"I certainly hope not. I've never really had anyone moaning over my body before." Well, actually, there are a few people moaning at the moment, but they don't seem to be too upset about it, if you see what we mean! ♣



TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

Radio Three

My name is Sonia and I'm a receptionist at a well-known independent local radio station. I can't disclose which one it is, because I'd be fired the minute anyone realised what I was up to, but I know your readers would like to hear of my horny escapades.

I work the night-shift because I find it really difficult to sleep. The hours suit me, the pay's better, and there are less prying eyes to keep tabs on what I get up to. Virtually no-one needs letting in, as there's only an engineer, a presenter and myself in the whole building.

I'm pretty highly sexed, but then again I don't think there's anything unusual about that in a 21-year-old girl, so I've also found that the middle of the night is the perfect time to indulge in my little hobby. When there's no-one around, and both Dave and Bob (definitely not their real names!) are in the studio, there's nothing I like better than slipping my hand up my skirt, pulling aside my panties and burying a couple of fingers deep inside my pussy. I have to admit that it's a real thrill, sat behind the reception area, slowly working my pussy and bringing myself off without anyone ever knowing about it. It's something that I've gotten so turned on by that hardly a night goes by without me frigging myself off to a massive climax. With a little bit of self-control I can have the most powerful orgasms while hardly making a sound!

Everything was going well on one particular night, my right hand was expertly working at my labia and I was feeling particularly randy. As my orgasm approached, I began to whimper slightly and, as you might expect, I lost track of time and of where I was. All of a sudden the engineer, Dave, walked into the reception area, which was totally unexpected because the show was actually on air. I was caught, and there was nothing I could do about it! Dave immediately realised what was going on and all I could do was stare at him blankly, massively embarassed at having been caught playing with myself.

"Having a good time, are we Sonia?" he grinned. "Ah, fuck it. Don't be embarrassed. We all have a wank from time to time — and I have to admit, even that short glimpse of you playing with your pussy really turned me on. You wouldn't believe how many times Bob and I have talked off air about what it would be like making love with you. I don't suppose..." he trailed off.

I found myself being really excited at the thought of two young guys discussing fucking me. And all of a sudden I wanted to be in that studio with them, sucking and fucking my brains out!

"Well..." I giggled, flicking my knickers back into place and pulling my skirt down. "Now that you mention it..." Leaving the reception area unattended wasn't a problem. The door was permanently locked and nobody ever came by at two in the morning, so I slipped out and followed Dave through the door and on toward the studio.

We both walked in, giggling, while a record was being played, so the on-air

mics were switched off. Dave explained what he'd seen, while I smirked. Bob gave me a knowing glance and said: "How about we have a bit of fun?"

Bob settled down behind the mic to do his next link, while Dave began to kiss me, before slipping off my top and skirt, exposing my stockings, suspenders and bra. The usually calm voice behind the mic took a definite wobble as Dave began to kiss my neck, slipping a hand inside my bra. My pussy was tingling madly and I decided to help the poor lad along.

I slipped my bra and panties off, exposing my firm tits and pubic hair. Dave didn't need another cue and quickly slipped off his T-shirt and jogging shorts, whipped off his underwear and exposed a tool that looked like it was going to explode under the weight of all the semen it was holding.

While Bob struggled to keep his show together, I lay down on the plush carpet and guided Dave's thick tool into my pussye. He pushed forward and started hammering away, while I tried hard not to let out a sound until the poor DJ had finished his link!

The minute the next record came on I let all my emotions out and screamed out loud as Dave spurted his come deep into my pussy. The bizarre nature of the scenario had me excited beyond words and as I looked around I noticed that Bob had unzipped his flies and was wanking furiously.

Before the poor chap had a chance to come, the record ended and Bob had to dive back behind the mic, his dick still exposed. Well, I wasn't going to be mean, so I slid under the console and as Bob attempted to make some kind of sense, I took his full length in my mouth and sucked!

Bob tried hard not to lose the thread of his conversation, but I realised he was about to come. He just managed to introduce the next record before he fired a huge wad of spunk deep down into my throat.

I managed to crawl out of the booth, jizz dribbling down my chin, and the three of us looked at each other, grinning like Cheshire cats. All of us were very excited knowing thousands of people across the area had been oblivious to our antics and at the end of the night we all went to Dave's flat to carry on what we'd started! — *Sonia, Camden*

Riding Lessons

If you think that the name Annabella conjours up images of 'horsey' women, posh accents and the desire in a girl for a bit of rough, then I'm afraid that you would be absolutely right!

I'm 23 years old and come from a well-heeled family in the Stockbroker belt. I've never wanted for anything, but I've always appreciated my position, if you know what I mean!

Freedom has been something that was handed on a plate to me; no money worries and the privileged position of being able to get pretty much anything I want — and that goes for men too! Money can be a great aphrodisiac and call me mercenary if you will, but I've used that asset to its fullest advantage! I've fucked men in every country and in every position possible. I'm insatiable, and I don't care who knows it! My pussy tingles at the very thought of being stuffed with some stiff dick and when that feeling comes upon me, then I have to act upon it.

Still, that doesn't mean I don't have my favourite man, and I reckon Dominic is pleased as punch that he's the lucky fella!

Dominic is a stable-hand at the place where I keep my horse, a present from daddy for my eighteenth birthday!

From the very first day I visited the stables I had an irresistable urge to take this lad, suck his cock and let him ride me until I came long and hard. Instant attraction, you might say, but it's hardly surprising!

Dominic stands six foot two, with a perfect male physique. He spends a lot of time outdoors, exercising the horses and that keeps him fit as a fiddle. His lean, muscular body and firm thighs could give any horny girl like me a good time, and believe it or not, it was the very first time that I visited the stables alone that he showed me exactly what he can do!

I arrived about seven o'clock in the morning to take Angel, my horse, out for a canter. I love the feel of the fresh dew and it's the best time for riding. Dominic was

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already in the stall, saddling my mare up, when I arrived. His jodhpurs were clinging to those thighs (I do have a thing about thighs!) and although it was early, I could feel my pussy juices starting to flow at the very thought of being entered by this fine specimen of a man.

"Morning," he said cheerily. "Nice day for it, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," I replied, hardly thinking about horses. The thought of fucking in the hay that was liberally sprinkled all around the stables had set my heart racing and I decided that I might as well end the suspense on this first occasion. If Dominic wouldn't fuck me, then at least I'd know and not have to go through any waiting and wondering period. I grasped my courage in both hands: "Er, Dominic," I started. "I don't really have a subtle way of putting this, but it's not exactly riding horses that's on my mind at the moment, if you know what I mean. "Well, the boy, who couldn't have been much older than 20, almost buckled at the knees when he realised that there was a very horny filly in front of him, begging to be taken. He stood, awkwardly, not really knowing what to do, but by his body language I realised that he was getting pretty excited. I walked up to him, casually placed my hand on his already-stiffening cock, and began to wank him slowly through his jodhpurs.

There was no danger of anybody coming except for him. The real keenies had long since left the stables and the willing amateurs wouldn't be here until mid-afternoon.

Leading Dominic out of the stall, still massaging his stiffening member, we moved over to a conveniently fresh pile of straw and laid down. Making all the running, I quickly undid his jodhpurs and pulled them down, exposing a tool which was so thick and bulbous that it was all I could do not to gaze in wonder. I moved my mouth down to his groin and took the glistening purple helmet deep into my throat. Dominic let out a groan and I started to work on the full shaft of his dick. Deep throating has always been a speciality of mine and for this chap I was going to put on my best performance!

It wasn't long before the pressure in Dom's dick took its toll and he unleashed a torrent of jizz deep into my throat. The taste of the salty semen was gorgeous and acted as the cue for me to slip off my riding gear and begin to work at my love bud, readying myself for full penetration.

His cock was stiff and ready for action in what seemed like a moment and I lay back, feeling and smelling the fresh straw beneath me. It was one of the most erotic experiences I had ever had as Dominic entered me, slowly gyrating his prick to enhance the sensation before beginning to work up a rhythm that would be enough to make any girl come. Wave after wave of delicious pre-orgasm swept through my body as he pumped, his movements becoming furious as he himself moved towards climax. I'd never known anyone spend so much time building me up towards a climax; occasionally stopping to dip his cock-head an inch or two inside me then slipping it out again, teasing me till I was shaking.

Then, with perfect timing, he released more of that delicious come right into my pussy as I exploded from within. The simultaneous shuddering felt heavenly, but Dominic wasn't finished. Gently easing his dick out of my wet hole, he went straight down on me and gave me head with the expertise of a man far beyond his years. I don't know how many times he'd had sex, but this boy was a natural! Again, I felt myself bucking involuntarily as another orgasm rushed upon me and I soon came, my sticky juices trickling over Dom's face. The stable boy licked greedily around his own mouth while I bathed in the warm afterglow of superb sex!

Naturally, our frantic coupling has been repeated on more than a few occasions, and every time I visit the stables I have a sly grin to myself knowing that I have my own, personal stud just waiting for me! — *Annabella, Worcestershire*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

Taking Liberties

By christening me Liberty, my mum and dad obviously had an inkling of the kind of girl I would turn out to be. After all, I'm only 20, but believe you me, there isn't much that I haven't got up to in my short but frantic life. I've even worked in a nudist colony, for heaven's sake!

Yes, I'm what you would call 'sexually liberated' and I don't give a monkey's what other people's judgement of that might be. If I like it, I do it and if people can't handle that, then that's their problem. Boyfriends who want to be possessive don't last long, but those who allow me my freedom usually have a great time with me – especially in bed. That's where I find my freedom stands me in good stead. I love fucking. It's the most natural thing in the world and I reckon I'm pretty damn good at it. At least I've never had any complaints from the men I've allowed to slide a gorgeous, thick, hard dick into my pussy!

But it's really the women who have made me come clean with you about my sex life. Most of the tales that have been told in men's magazines about lesbian love affairs have started with a line that claims things like: 'I'd never thought I was attracted to women, but...' Well, I'm sorry, but that's not the way it's been with me.

For as long as I can remember I've found women gorgeous. Not that I have a problem with men, but there's no denying the aesthetic pleasures of a woman's body; the curved hips, the soft skin, the shapeliness of a firm pair of boobs, the sheer sensitivity of a moist pussy. I started sleeping with women when I was 18 years old and my first lover was as inexperienced as me! Neither of us looked like the stereotypical vision of dykes. Sandy had full lips, a slim figure, a tight bum and loved wearing feminine clothes, whereas I'm also slim, elegant and have very full boobs.

It was a real voyage of discovery for us and I soon learnt exactly what to do to turn a woman on. I realised that a mixture of sensuality and all-out aggression was guaranteed to please, and eating pussy has become one of my favourite exercises. It's because of this that I have recently met Cheryl and have had the most sexually fulfilling times of my life. Cheryl is a professional model and from the moment I met her, at a gentlemen's club where I was working, I could tell what she did for a living. Her long, dark hair fell sensuously over her shoulders and caressed her full boobs, her skin was gorgeous, without any blemishes, and her legs seemed to go on forever. I couldn't help imaging what it would be like to be kissing her enticing lips, rolling around with her in ecstacy, teasing her clit with my tongue and having my tits sucked by this exquisite woman. My pussy was damp within seconds, and I knew I had to have her...

We got talking without much trouble, because when two women meet you never feel that there's a come-on being foisted upon you, and it wasn't long before we both worked out what we wanted. At the end of the night Cheryl invited me back to her flat on the pretence of watching a film on video (we're both night birds) and I was utterly game. Back at her place, I decided to take my courage in both hands and come right out with it. "I think that you're absolutely beautiful," I told her. "And I was wondering if you'd like to make love with me."

My forwardness worked a treat and Cheryl simply looked at me and sighed. "Maybe you'll be disappointed," she smiled, and pulled the two straps from off her shoulders down, letting the top half of her dress fall casually, revealing two magnificent full breasts – the nipples already erect and primed for action.

"I don't think so," I murmured, getting up off the sofa and moving towards her. I laid my hands on those beautiful orbs and moved two fingers over each nipple, slowly working at them with delicate skill.

Cheryl seemed to melt in my arms as I worked the dress down over her firm thighs, watching as it dropped to the floor and Cheryl stepped out of it. She was wearing the sheerest pair of lacy knickers, on which a damp spot had already formed at the front. That really turned me on. I wanted to get down to it right there and then in the living room. But Cheryl gently took my hand, slipped it inside her knickers and rubbed her own pussy with it, before withdrawing it quickly and leading me, still fully clothed, to the bedroom.

Once in her passion den, with the appropriate mood lighting, Cheryl undressed me expertly, ending up on her knees, removing my soaking panties with her teeth and sinking her tongue deep into the heart of my mound. I was in heaven. My knees almost gave under me as that instantly recognisable tingle shot through me like a lightning bolt. Cheryl was an expert; you could tell the minute her tongue hit my love button, moving around slowly and then building up a rhythm that moistened me up in seconds. My body started to shudder as I began to feel the first waves of a powerful climax. Cheryl was more than aware of the palpitations because she withdrew her tongue, laid me down on the bed, my pussy still aching and began kissing me passionately. The taste of my own pussy juices on the lips of this sexy, liberated woman was sensational and I plunged my tongue willingly into her welcoming mouth.

As we embraced I felt two delicate fingers probing my pussy. Cheryl fingered me with such skill that there was no man I'd ever met who could compare. With her tweaking my bud, our kissing became more frenzied to mirror the speed of Cheryl frigging. This time there was no stopping me and I pulled away from her mouth to let out a whipering scream as I came, shuddering violently as that hot flush ran through me. I was weak and breathless, reeling with the sheer, sensual pleasure of it all. Cheryl realised that it would be a few moments before I'd be capable of any further exertions, but she pulled herself up, straddled me and then began to work on her own pussy right in front of me. Grinding away astride me, her boobs jiggling as she moved, I have to say that it was probably the most erotic sight I'd ever witnessed, even although I was momentarily exhausted!

Cheryl kept playing with herself, her eyes watching me all the time, and when she realised that I was ready to go to work again, she took my hand, placed it over my own pussy and intimated that I should start to work my own labia. Since I love masturbating anyway, it didn't take very long before I'd brought myself to boiling point. Cheryl was watching intently to see how close I was to coming and when she was sure that I was on the verge, plunged her own fingers deeper into her pussy, attempting to climax at the same time. She got it spot on and we both gasped and sighed as the juices trickled over our respective quims. Incredible!

The rest of the night was spent entwined in various sexual games and Cheryl seemed as enthralled with our love games as I was. We've been seeing each other ever since that night eight months ago. Not on an exclusive basis, because we're both of the same opinion that our sexual pleasure shouldn't be limited to the two of us, but we're together a hell of a lot of the time.

We've made love in plenty of obscure places and Cheryl is always game to experiment. We've made love with another woman and, of course, we've made it with a man between us on a few occasions. The most exciting time with a man was when Cheryl was working over in Paris for the weekend. She had been over for a couple of days already when I flew out to meet her on the Saturday. Her stylist, Christophe, came down with her to meet us at the airport and it was obvious that they had already fucked. I honestly wasn't jealous, but imagined what it would be like for all three of us to be humping in this beautiful city. Well it didn't take long to find out.

The minute we were back at the hotel, with very little need for social niceties, the three of us were stark naked, Christophe's cock twitching as Cheryl offered to let me take it first. I bent over the bed, naked bum poking up in the air and Christophe slid his rigid tool into me, moving rhythmically back and forth as my juices flowed and, as Cheryl told me later, glistened on his throbbing tool and purple helmet. The man knew how to make a girl feel good, but the pleasure was doubled by Cheryl clambering on the bed and offering up her pussy for my tongue. Christophe's spunk was soon deposited in my swollen fanny and Cheryl's love juices were in my mouth. It was like a liquid exchange! Cheryl was desperate to taste Christophe's spunk so buried her head in my hole and lapped out every last drop of jizz, while I gave the lucky Frenchman the benefit of my mouth around his already hardening prick! I have to say that this thick dick tasted particualrly fine and salty, the various juices mixing on its tip to make a heady cocktail which I was more than happy to partake of.

With another shudder Christophe unloaded for the second time and a great wad of spunk hit the back of my throat, easing down into my stomach as I savoured the warm, creamy liquid. Feeling cum in my mouth as well as the hot tongue of such an experienced woman on my pussy was hardly going to keep me calm, and I instinctively thrust my hips forward into Cheryl's face before coming all over her pretty face.

It only remained for Cheryl to be serviced and it was quite a thrill to watch my beautiful female lover bucking and writhing as a stiff cock pounded in and out of her gaping fanny. Christophe made a Herculaen

effort before delivering his third load of cum – not that he looked too displeased with the sum total of his exhertions! It wasn't what you would call ideal preparation for a photo-shoot the following day, but it certainly put a smile on Cheryl's face as she preened and posed beneath the Eiffel Tower thinking about the activities of the previous day!

If anyone's the living proof that you can have your cake and eat it, then it has to be me. I'm always completely honest with anyone I sleep with about the way I lead my life and if they don't understand or like it, then there's always the option to leave. Cheryl and I have never fallen out about any of our sexual relationships and what keeps us seeing each other is the fact that whenever we are together, the sparks always fly. Yes, I'm a bi-sexual girl and proud of it, and I feel fulfilled in every possible way. I guess the only down side is that I'm always so bloody tired, because I never get enough sleep. But then again, who'd want to sleep with all that sex just waiting to be tapped into!?

I'm going to be seeing Cheryl tonight, and I'm already starting to feel that familiar tingle in my pussy at the thought of being naked with my lover. If that isn't proof that I'm happy with my lot, then I don't know what is! – *Liberty, Reading*

ON THE JOB

In and out of the office

Deep Diving

I work in a large municipal swimming baths. Not very glamorous or very sexy, you might be forgiven for thinking at first; but you'd be surprised at the scope for nookie that a very highly-sexed girl like me can invent at the slightest provocation!

I suppose all that walking around wearing next to nothing must have something to do with it. Our regulation swimsuits are pretty tight fitting, and once they've got wet after a dip in the pool... well, you might say that it leaves *nothing* to the imagination! I'm quite tall, with very long, smooth, tanned legs – made completely hairless by the cream that I'm always rubbing into them – and my swimsuit is cut very high up on the hip so that it looks as if my legs go on forever. It really clings very tightly around my pussy mound as well – and I'm such a floozie that I made sure that when our uniforms were given out, I got one that was two sizes too small! So the costume really emphasises the shape of my pussy; you can see the love lips poking out around the gusset, and the outline of my bush (what there is left of it after I've trimmed it right down – it's very aerodynamic for swimming!) quite clearly. And as you can imagine, it drives the male customers absolutely wild.

I don't mean to sound big-headed or anything, but I really am the best looking of all the female lifeguards, with my curvy body and shoulder-length black hair. I'm used to the stares and wolf-whistles of the male swimmers day in, day out, but there's a strict non-fraternisation rule from the management – and that goes for male members of staff too – so if they found out exactly what I got up to last summer, I'd be out on my ear!

I've often flirted around with customers, though until this occasion I'd kept them strictly at arms length. However, when Howard strode into the pool with his tight trunks packing very snugly around what looked like a monster packet, I just couldn't take my eyes away from the sight of him.

He dived in and started to cut through the water, up and down, up and down, and I was just enjoying watching him cutting through at the far end of the pool when someone dive-bombed into the water just above him and he disappeared below the surface.

My training just took over, and in seconds I'd dived straight in and dragged him from the water in my best life-saving technique, my arms around his chest and keeping his head above the water and his airways clear. It was only when I'd got him to the side of the pool and was preparing to do the kiss of life (just in case, of course!) that I realised Howard was grinning from ear-to-ear.

Our slick, wet, firm bodies were pressed tightly together as I knelt over him, and suddenly I could feel my nipples poking through my swimming costume as I became unbelievably turned on. I swear I could almost taste the male hormones oozing from him. I could tell that Howard knew exactly what he was doing, too. He'd pretended to be in difficulties in the pool just to get me in precisely this position.

The cheeky sod! He had been watching me all morning, and had obviously seized his chance to get close to me, to get his head between my firm boobs, to rub our crotches together through the slick material of our swimming cossies. My head was swimming, too, as I felt my pussy start to ache and tingle. The bastard had got me all juicy and turned on in about five seconds flat!

I decided I would get my own back on him, but I had no idea what it would lead to. I pretended that I really believed he was injured, and pulled him to his feet, supporting him with his arm around my shoulders, I led him into the staff changing room.

"You'd better lie down on the treatment table while I check that there's no lasting damage," I said, trying to keep as straight a face as possible. I could hardly tear my eyes away from the bulge at the front of his trunks. My lust overtook me, and I practically pushed him onto the couch and pulled off his trunks before he could utter a word!

"Now for a bit of mouth-to-mouth," I told him as I clambered up onto the table and straddled his body in the 69 position. He must have been able to get a good whiff of the pussy juices that were starting to ooze from between my love lips. But I wasn't thinking of that as I took his stiffened shaft firmly in my hands and guided it into my mouth.

His cock was already wet with the water from the pool, but I'd soon covered the whole length of it with my mouth juices, really slavering over it, licking it as if it was an ice lolly, pushing the foreskin down as far as it would go, my nails playing over his balls and tangling in his dark pubic bush.

"God, that's good," he muttered, his hand starting to stray over my buttocks which were exposed by the high cut of my swimsuit. The gusset had ridden right up inside my fanny, so that it was becoming soaked with my juices, the crotch rubbing deliciously against my clitty as my hips moved up and down to the rhythm of my cock-sucking.

"Put your fingers up into my pussy," I ordered him. "I want you to play with my pussy hole."

When I felt his fingers sink into my sticky wetness, I moaned against his shaft as he probed me to the fullest extent of my cunt. I moved my buttocks back and forward to make him push inside me even more deeply, and at the same time, my whole body flushing with heat and starting to tremble, I struggled to keep up my tongue-fucking rhythm with my mouth.

I was so absorbed, so aroused, that I just didn't hear the door open and my boss Janice walk in. The first I knew about it was when she spoke, trying to sound angry, but her voice gave her away completely: she was tremendously aroused by what she saw before her eyes.

I was flabbergasted, though: I couldn't believe my bad luck. Just when I could feel Howard's balls tightening and filling with come, all ready to spray to the back of my throat, my boss was here to break up the party... or so I thought.

I couldn't believe it when she just turned around and locked the door, before coming over to the couch and starting to speak in a hoarse, cracked voice.

"Could you use a little help in here?" she asked.

I didn't say anything, just went back to sucking Howard's cock for all I was worth, though I was almost put off my stride when I felt two tongues starting to kiss and lick at my sopping pussy.

Looking over my shoulder, I saw that Janice was standing by Howard's head, bending over so that she could press her tongue right along my love slit and playing it along the top, onto my clitty; while Howard's tongue was inside me, snaking in as far as it would reach, my juices leaking out into his mouth. He was obviously relishing the taste – and as for me, I was on fire!

I set about his cock with a vengeance then, grazing my teeth along the veiny sides, really pushing his foreskin back with my lips, fondling his balls and loving the feel of the tight sacs against my fingernails. When he exploded into my mouth, I made my throat contract so that I was able to swallow the lot in three mouthfuls, the long streams of come tasting all salty and tangy under my tongue. I know a few girls who don't like the taste of come, but I just can't understand that – it tastes better than caviar or chocolate ice cream to me!

I hadn't come yet, but Janice was determined to see to that. Pushing Howard's tongue out of the way, she set to work on my pussy with both her tongue and fingers, rimming my love hole expertly as she pressed two fingers deep inside me. A stream of love juice spurted out as she did so and I bit my lip as I felt myself being overwhelmed by sheer lust. Almost of its own accord, my pelvis and bum started moving up and down, finding the rhythm to match Janice's searching tongue.

At first, I thought the moans I could hear were my own, as I leaned forward and pressed my forehead onto my arms as I fought for control. But I soon realised that it was Janice behind me, moaning into my pussy as she licked and sucked frenziedly... while Howard, still lying underneath, had guided one of her generous boobs out of her low-cut swimming costume and into his mouth.

As she licked and sucked me, I pictured in my mind's eye, in minute detail, what Howard was doing to her. How her big, pink areolae (I'd seen them in the changing rooms), would be covered with saliva from Howard's tongue as his teeth nibbled at them, how his lips would be moulding themselves around her firm, tanned titty flesh, how his tongue would be stroking the soft skin underneath... and that made me come in what seemed like torrents, my pussy contracting again and again as I breathed hard and rode with my orgasm. It was just the one climax, but my God, it was a hard one, leaving me panting and breathless when the orgasmic

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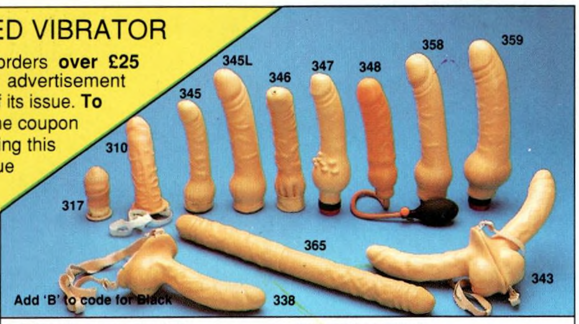

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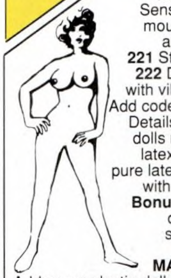

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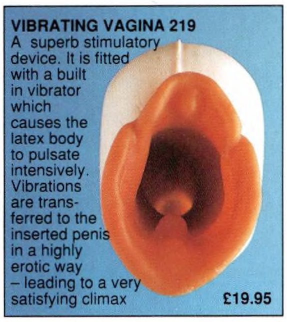

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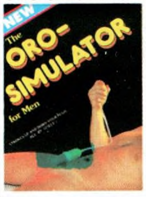

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contractions inside me had subsided.

"What about your boss?" Howard queried, and I realised that he meant she should share in some of the climaxes that were being dealt out so freely. I was feeling a bit worried about Janice, to be honest. Normally, she was such a goody-goody, all prim and constantly reminding everyone else at work of the rules amd regulations that they had to stick to, and now here she was, bringing me off with her mouth and hands, and panting and grinning like the cat that had got the cream. Well, she had – mine.

"I think Janice should have a turn at that lovely cock of yours, Howard. I'm sure she'd like it," I replied. And before Janice could say another word, I was slowly easing her swimming costume and tracksuit bottoms off her body, noticing how well muscled she was – not butch or anything, just really firm and smooth. My cunt tingled again, and I started to touch her, moving my hands in slow, easy strokes over her bare boobs, and then further down as I quickly stripped her off and stood her in the middle of the room in front of Howard.

"What do you think of my boss's body, then?" I asked him, still moving my fingers down over her cleavage and then further still, until I was rhythmically stroking her trimmed minge, parting her love lips with my fingers and probing her moist cunt. I could hear her breathing heavily, and she shifted slightly so that her cunny lips were further open. I slipped my index finger inside her.

"I want his cock," she moaned as she moved her pussy around my finger and gripped it – surprisingly strongly. "I want his cock in my pussy."

Howard then knelt down in front of Janice, his knees forward, leaning back on his heels. His cock was erect again, the helmet all purple now and swollen as the tip poked out further and further. His balls looked huge and full of come again, even though it wasn't long since he'd shot his creamy load into my mouth.

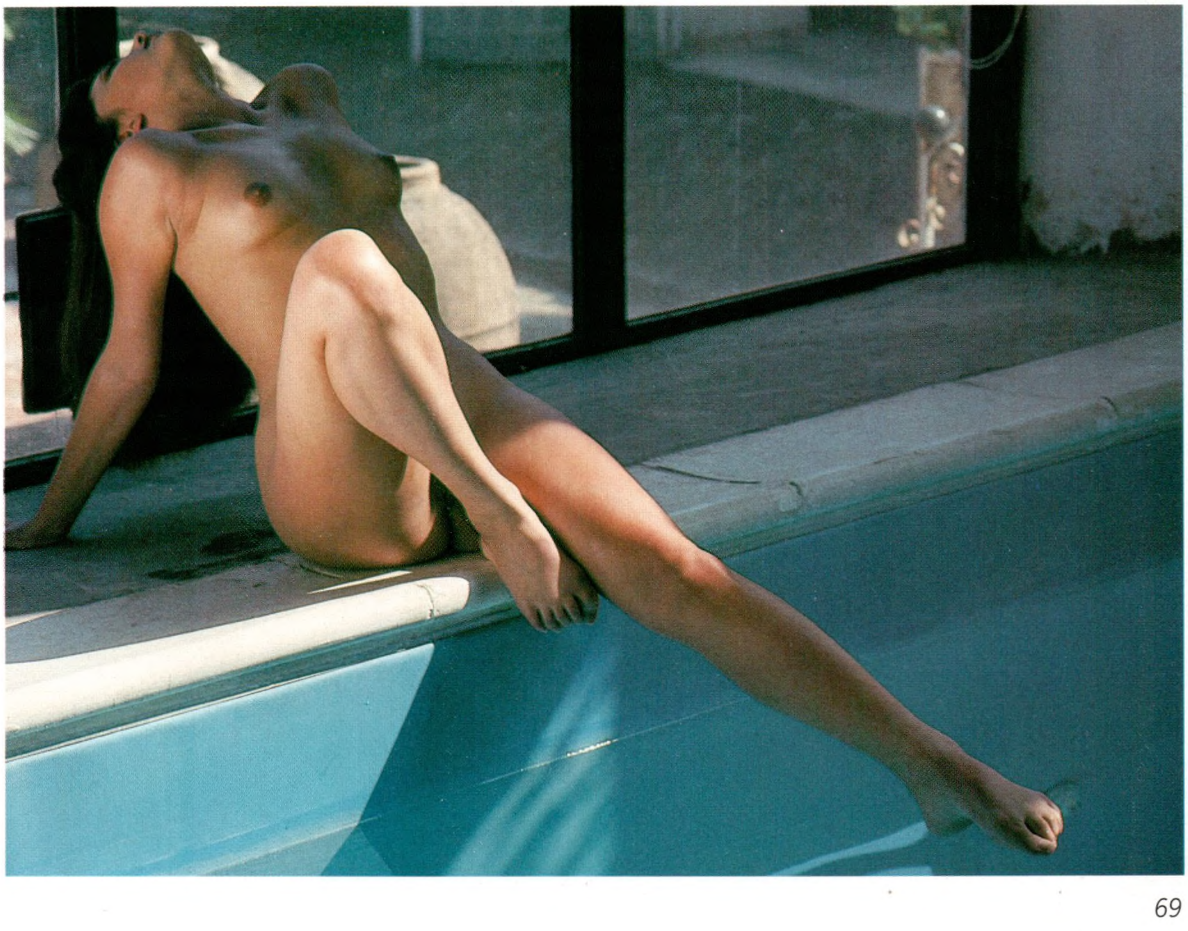
Stroking Janice's naked back from behind, I guided her down so that she sank on to his hot shaft. I heard the squelch as her juices covered his cock, and then the swishing sound as she started to ride him, Howard letting her lead the way and dictate the pace. And all the time I was behind her, running my fingers down her back, blowing on her neck and stroking all the erogenous zones down even lower as Howard fucked her. Janice was really slamming herself down on to his cock, urging him inside her as deeply as she could get him, her buttocks wobbling slightly with the force of it.

I couldn't resist rubbing my aching boobs against her back, matching my rubbing with Janice's fucking rhythm, my hands cupping her lovely, firm bum and even questing underneath, so that I could gently graze her love lips and reach even further up to her swollen clitty, just flicking it occasionally as Howard's thick cock pistoned hard into her. What a sexy sandwich! It was so erotic that I was able to feel every single stroke of Howard's cock, every moan and pant from Janice. I gripped her boobs hard from behind, playing with her rock-hard nipples, pulling them harder and harder until I could feel Janice's climax rising.

"Let us all hear you come, Janice," I breathed into her ear, and she gave one huge lunge on to Howard's cock and came, shuddering and shivering, but still gripping hard onto the cock inside her.

But Howard obviously wanted me to have a share of his second load of sticky spunk, too. Instead of shooting it off into Janice's gaping cunt, he whipped out his cock right at the last moment and gripping his shaft, sprayed his creamy load all over Janice's boobs. I spent a very enjoyable ten minutes licking the whole load of it off as Howard watched.

I don't know what's come over me since that memorable day, but I've turned into a complete nymphomaniac. The whole episode has awakened some latent bisexual – and nympho! – tendencies in me; I'm now constantly snatching little 'interludes', as I call them, with customers, and not only that, but Janice and I have been lovers since that day. We're planning another threesome soon, with an unsuspecting regular swimmer that we've both been eyeing up for some time. When we finally get him collared, Club will be the first to know! – *Dee, Yorkshire* ♣



Photographs by Roberto Rocchi

sabrina

Gorgeous Gallic gal Sabrina first appeared in Club after having been spotted sipping capuccino in a Parisian cafe. Since then, however, the dark-haired lovely has been taken to the hearts of all those who appreciate a perfect European form.

"I've had such a fabulous time," she laughs, excitedly. "I've been

taken to many fine places and I've seen many fine things." Funnily enough, we were just about to say the same thing, but we've seen nothing finer than your delightful figure! "Oh, you English! You are always such flatterers. I fall for you all the time!" Well, that's a jolly fine thing! ♣

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SP23

Photographs by Ralph Medland

BONNIE

"Honestly, I can't believe how dippy I can be," sighs gorgeous Club debutante Bonnie. "I've sometimes been so desperate to have a nice, relaxing shower that I've got in there before I've realised I've still got my underwear on! You don't think anyone will hate me for being so batty, do

you?" Surely not! Afterall, it's something that any red-blooded 19-year-old student with more important things on their mind would do! "We bet there are thousands of men out there putting their brollies in the oven and their dinner in the briefcase because of you, my dear! ♣

SPURT OVER MY BREASTS

MY ICECUBE COOLS ME DOWN 0898 866 700

0898 866 711

0898 866 701 Hear me do it to myself

GIRLS *UCK YOU 0898 866 703

0898 866 702 2 Girl sucking action

MEGA JUGS 0898 866 715

0898 866 712 Frigging on the phone

I'LL STRIP FOR YOU 0898 866 718

Stockings & suspenders 0898 866 719

PUMP ME HARD 0898 866 714

STICKY BITS 0898 866 722

SALLY & ANNE DO EACH OTHER 0898 866 717

[redacted] CAUGHT ME MASTURBATING 0898 866 720

3 GIRL SEX 0898 866 721

I'LL SPREAD MY LEGS.....LICK ME!! 0898 866 713

I LOVE IT UP [redacted] 0898 866 705

CAUGHT MASTURBATING 0898 866 707

I'LL W*NK YOU OFF 0898 866 706

I LOVE IT UP MY [redacted] 0898 866 708

MY PANTIES ON YOUR FACE 0898 866 709

THIGH HIGH BOOTS, UNIFORM, & VERY DOMINANT 0898 866 704

SHEER BODY STOCKING 0898 866 716

TEENAGE SEX DESIRES 0898 866 710

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Address..
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SPANK MY PERT ARSE 0338 412 417

HEAR ME MASTURBATE 0338 412 401

I'LL TOSS YOU OFF 0338 412 503

I'll talk dirty while you W**k 0338 412 507

AUNTIE needs shafting! 0338 412 509

Shaved Pussy Held Lips 0338 412 409

UNZIP AND GET IT OUT 0338 412 403

2 Girls in Ripped Knickers 0338 412 501

ORAL SEX - SPURT OVER ME 0338 412 415

HEAR JULIE MASTURBATE JANE 0338 412 411

After 12 Explicit Dildo Action 0338 412 560

Call Charged at 36p Per Min Cheap Rate 48p all Other Times Denmark Dial P.O Box 272 London SW11

FIONA'S SALE, 627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE

FIONA WRIGHT'S PRICE BUSTING SEX SALE

☎ Desperate Housewife 0338 422 344
☎ Obey me you wimps 0338 422 346
☎ Try my Knickers 0338 422 343
☎ Quickie Relief 0338 422 342
Limetime, 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN. Calls cost 36p per min cheap rate, 48p per min at all other times.

The Biggest & Best Deals Ever

Dear Reader,

What a crap few years we have had, nothing but recession, redundancy, slump and depression.

Now is the time to forget the past and I'm determined that every reader should have a smile and hot, hot loins!

Sex has always been the best way to forget our problems and with these **INCREDIBLE BARGAINS** you're all going to get as much as you can handle!

These prices never have and probably **never will be beaten!** and that's a promise!

From videos to sex aids, from pills to potions to publications, these are the hottest, hardest top quality sex products from all over Europe at **"GIVEAWAY" PRICES.**

Don't miss the boat (or you could be missing the bonk!) order today and I'll guarantee despatch is fast, secure and confidential!

Have the time of your lives!

Lots of Love, Fiona XXX

THE HOTTEST SALE IN YEARS! UP TO 75% OFF!

VIBRO'S

SQUIRMY ROOTER Soft, silky and silent! Was ~~£25~~ **Sale Price £7.95**

MULTI HEADED VIBE SET (Six Part) Everything a girl could possibly beg for! Was ~~£35~~ **Sale Price £8.95**

LUXURY EURO SILK VIBE Seven inches of pure pleasuring power! Was ~~£15~~ **Sale Price £4.95**

G-SPOT Variable speed, quality hits the spot! Was ~~£20~~ **Sale Price £7.95**

DOUBLE VIBRATING DILDO Two fingered back stabber! Was ~~£25~~ **Sale Price £6.95**

BITS and PIECES

WORLDWIDE CONDOM PACK Stunning selection for the adventurous! Was ~~£20~~ **Sale Price £4.95**

20 FRUIT FLAVOURED CONDOMS Brings oral sex back into favour! Was ~~£7.00~~ **Sale Price £2.95**

20 MULTI COLOURED CONDOMS Fulfil every fantasy and bring back fun! Was ~~£7.00~~ **Sale Price £2.95**

LUST FINGERS Double digits of latex love fun! Was ~~£9.95~~ a pair **Sale Price £3.95**

JOY JELLY Strawberry flavoured lubricant – licks everything else! Was ~~£6.95~~ **Sale Price £3.95**

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Telephone for immediate processing of your order
081-534 8855 (24 hrs)

VIDEOS (VHS) and MAGS

MEGA CONTACT PACK Direct access to direct action! Was ~~£25~~ **Sale Price £4.95**

EXPLICIT HARD MAG PACK The very best Europe can offer! Was ~~£35~~ **Sale Price £5.95**

UNCERTIFICATED VIDEO SAMPLER (1) Uncertificated, uncut hard sex! Was ~~£50~~ **Sale Price £4.95**

UNCERTIFICATED VIDEO SAMPLER (2) More of the same – watch with a friend! Was ~~£50~~ **Sale Price £4.95**

ONE FOR THE LADIES (Mag Pack) Big, big boys – uncensored, uncut! Was ~~£20~~ **Sale Price £4.95**

THE BEST OF THE REST!

EXECUTIVE PENIS DEVELOPER Who's a big boy now! Was ~~£20~~ **Sale Price £4.95**

DELUXE, EXEC PENIS DEVELOPER The business! Guaranteed success! Was ~~£40~~ **Sale Price £9.95**

EXECUTIVE SLICK LIPS Keep hands free as you cum like never before! Was ~~£30~~ **Sale Price £9.95**

THE THROBBER The ultimate sucking, vibrating throbbing wank unit! Was ~~£45~~ **Sale Price £19.95**

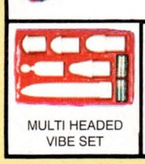
ERECTA PROMPT Never be limp again! Bigger than ever! Was ~~£7~~ **Sale Price £3.95**

FEMALE BLISS CREAM You'll be scraping her off the ceiling after this! Was ~~£7~~ **Sale Price £3.95**

DOUBLE VIBRATING DILDO

LUST FINGERS

PENIS DEVELOPER



EXECUTIVE SLICK LIPS

CALLERS WELCOME: Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri 8pm). Prices or offers shown are for mail order and callers who present this advertisement prior to purchase.

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FIONA'S SALE (Dept. C I),
627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE
Please send me the items as listed below:

1811

Product Description	Quantity	Total Price
	Grand Total	£

I enclose payment for £__________ made payable to M.O.DIVISION, (if paying by cheque please add name and address to reverse).

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

____

__________________ **Postcode** __________

I undertake not to show or give these products to minors.

I am over 18 ____________________ **(Signed)**

Tobyward Ltd, Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, Stratford, London E15. Reg No. 1634311

jasmine

Photographs by Jack Harrison

The gorgeous Jasmine has become more decisive since the last time the 19-year-old beauty appeared. "I knew exactly what I was going to wear

this time," she giggled, fingering her tightest of red skirts. "And more to the point, I knew exactly how I was going to take it off. Do you think I got it right this time?" The whole of the office raised hands in approval and off the wee lassie trotted, leaving that little skirt behind as a token of her affection. A bloomin' sweetie, our Jasmine.♣

I LOVE IT DOGGYSTYLE
0338 405 505

FIONA (18) LICKS RUTH'S (21) PUSSY
0338 405 515

Hear me Masturbate
0338 405 565

ORGASM WITH ME
0338 405 503

Uncensored Spunky Orgasmic Sex Confessions
0338 405 555

HORNY 18YR OLD TALKS FILTHY
0338 405 512

I'LL W**K YOU TO CLIMAX
0338 405 524

I'll use my dildo you w**k
0338 405 582

ORAL SEX- SPUNK IN MY MOUTH
0338 405 501

I'LL STRIP YOU MASTURBATE
0338 405 579

SPUNKY SEX WITH MY SISTER
0338 405 509

DICK STIFFENING LESBIAN SEX
0338 405 563

Secretary wants to spank your wife
0338 405 578

ERÖTIC TELEPHONE HANDJOB
0338 405 547

AFTER 12 ORAL SPURT CLUB
0338 400 130

AFTER 2 LESBIAN NURSES ORGY
0338 400 160

NURSE WANTS SPANKING
0338 405 504

SPUNK OVER MY FACE
0338 405 532

Spread my legs - then f**k me
0338 405 506

18yr old [redacted] wants SEX 0338 405 508

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES OYSTERPALM LTD PO BOX 4LY LONDON W1

OLDER WOMAN WANTS HER TITS SUCKED
0338 402 439

Come Over my Tits
0338 402 761

Lesbian Nurses Orgy
0338 402 694

I'll Toss You Off!
0338 402 596

Spurt in my Face-Big Boy
0338 402 456

Secretary Needs Spanking
0338 402 450

*I'll Talk Filthy-you W**k*
0338 402 451

My Bum is Sore
0338 402 598

My wife will suck you off!
0338 402 594

I'll Suck you to Climax
0338 402 779

Masturbate With Me
0338 402 794

Hot SEX Lines

Filthy Dirty Spunky Listeners Letters
0338 402 686

2 Guys 1 Girl = Porno Action	0338 402 791
Auntie Wants Dirty Sex	0338 402 697
Sister Will Suck You Off	0338 402 452
Jill & Kate - Dirty Shaven Lesbians	0338 402 699
Wear My Panties and W**k	0338 402 695
19yr Old Wants 40yr Old Man	0338 402 431
Lick My Bum - Finger My Fanny	0338 402 792
After 12 Spunky Porno Bonk Action	0338 402 769

FILTHY SEX LINES

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU W*NK
0338 409 444

HEAR ME MASTURBATE TO A FRENZIED CLIMAX
0338 409 481

SHOOT OVER MY TITS
0338 409 417

TAKE ME FROM BEHIND
0338 409 442

INSERT MY DILDO
0338 409 407

2 GIRLS, ONE LICKS YOUR BALLS WHILE THE OTHER GIVES YOU HEAD
0338 409 454

PEEL OFF MY STICKY KNICKERS
0338 409 422

ERECT NIPPLES SHAVEN FANNY
0338 409 405

LESBIANS SEX ORGY
0338 409 498

SPREAD MY LEGS AND AHH!
0338 409 464

EXPLORE MY BODY
0338 409 431

SEX DIRECTORY 0338 409 496

SPANKING

THE CANE FOR JANE
0338 409 436

OVER SIRS DESK
0338 409 425

KNICKERS DOWN SMACK SMACK
0338 409 491

PRIVATE FEMALE NOISES
0338 409 406

CORRECTION FOR MALES

SNIFF MY KNICKERS WHILE I THRASH YOU
0338 409 451

I'LL SPANK YOUR BUTTOCKS WHILE YOU MASTERBATE
0338 409 421

MAN ON MAN ON GIRL
0338 409 445

CREAM MY BOTTOM
0338 409 423

SMELL THEN WEAR MY KNICKERS
0338 409 426

WARM GOLDEN SHOWER
0338 409 478

SAMANTHA STRIP SEARCHED
0338 409 412

EROS PO BOX 1823 N18 Calls charged at 36p per minute cheap rate and 48p per minute at all other times

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LIVE EXPLICIT SEX RECORDINGS
SENT IN BY READERS

From Jill Having Sex With Her Boyfriend
0338 418 811

Sarah (Essex) A Virgin Breaking Herself In With A Dildo
0338 418 895

42 Year Old Housewife Fingering Her Fanny
0338 418 810

From A Young Lady Stripping And Wanking Herself Off
0338 418 897

Sue And Lynn (Cambridge) Produced This Real Lesbian Sex Recording
0338 418 806

Girl (18) Recorded Having Sex With Couple Next Door
0338 418 803

From Two Lesbian Students Recorded In 69 Position
0338 418 898

18 Year Old Undergraduate (Bournemouth) Masterbating And Screaming To Orgasm
0338 418 801

Two Housewives With One Tomboy
0338 418 813

Susan Dildoing Her Fanny While Describing Giving Head
0338 418 896

From Amanda (Newport) Who Loves Cock From All Directions
0338 418 894

Recorded By Two Girls (Kent) Using Double Ended Dildo
0338 418 800

From A Twenty Year Old Nurse (London) Masturbating In Nothing But Her Stockings
0338 418 804

READERS CONFESSIONS
A Variety Of Sexual Acts Described Vividly By Our Interviewees
0338 418 814

RECORDED BY DEVOTEES OF DISCIPLINE...

Young Naked Housewife (Leeds) Spanked By strict Husband
0338 418 807

18Year Old Girl Spanked And F*cked by Older Sister's Boyfriend
0338 418 899

From Mrs Jones Spanking Naughty Debbie
0338 418 808

From Two Girls Spanking Each Other
0338 418 815

Two Girls (London) Being Spanked Together
0338 418 809

SENATE PO BOX 1299 N18. Calls cost 36p/min cheap rate, 48p/min all other times

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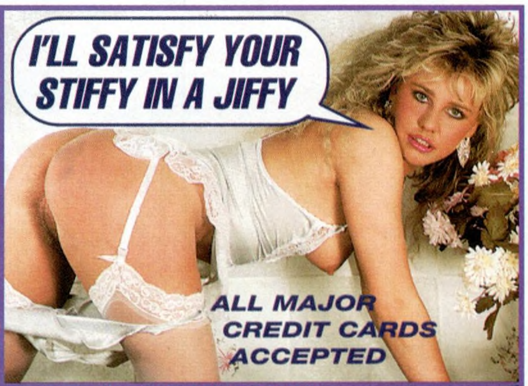
ANY DESIRES CATERED FOR LIVE!

LIVE CALLBACK
0850 205 514
0860 469 737


I'LL SATISFY YOUR STIFFY IN A JIFFY
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

Grab My Tits And Shaft My Hole
0338 421 103

RAM IT UP MY FANNY
0338 421 112

I'LL SUCK YOU DRY
0338 421 135

THE SLUTLINE
0338 421 199

FINGER MY FANNY
0338 421 133

SARAH AND CLAIRE W*NK YOU
0338 421 137

69 GIRL ACTION
0338 421 111

VIRGIN MASTERBATING
0338 421 139

SPANK MY BUM
0338 421 151

SUE LICKS JANE WHILE JANE LICKS YOU
0338 421 184

DEBBIE MASTURBATES SALLY
0338 421 118

SHAVE MY PUSSY
0338 421 132

I'M BENDING OVER FOR YOUR DICK
0338 421 141

I'LL SIT ON YOUR FACE
0338 421 120

THROB IN MY MOUTH
0338 421 134

PART MY LIPS AND INSERT
0338 421 136

I USE MY DILDO IN EVERY HOLE
0338 421 140

WORSHIP MY STILETTOS
0338 421 138

MATRON ADMINISTERS MEDICAL
0338 421 153

FORUM PO BOX 1823 N18. Calls cost 36p/min cheap rate, 48p/min all other times

club CLASSIFIED

2 — BOOKS

EROTIC books/magazines. SAE to Daisy Publications Ltd (C12), PO Box 2, Narborough, Leicester LE9 5XU.

SUCCEED WITH WOMEN read our comprehensive success manual and change your life! Amazing results immediately. The best investment you'll ever make. £9.95. AJ Publications, 11 Northgate Court, Louth, LN11 0LZ.

4 — CLUBS

THE GEORGIAN M/CRS hottest sauna. Outstanding facilities on 3 floors. Phone for details. 061-678 7916.

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News, vides, interviews, video reviews, reader ads., competitions, incredible 100 inch-plus fantasies. Profiles of top stars like Traci Topps, Pandora Peaks, Lisa Lipps. Essential reading for all big breast fans.
SAE brings further details Dept (CI), PO Box 1623, Birmingham B24 0JE.

5 — DATING SERVICES

NO FEES no strings – female sex partners – home tel no's, your area. 0223 846 333

SUE, adult fun 0374 506 010 Gill 0727 810 118. Sandy + Donna 051 424 2414.

PRIVATE CONTACT network. Girls/couples/housewives/AC-DC. All areas. 0223 846 044 10am–11pm.

PENPAL mag for lonely people. Approval copy from: Matchmaker, (R.99), Chorley, Lancs.

SEX DATES!
WITH HOME NUMBERS

SEX DATES (LADIES 35 PLUS)	0338 421034
SEX DATES (GIRLS UNDER 35)	0338 421035
SEX DATES (SPANKING GIRLS)	0338 421036
DISCIPLINE DATES (OLDER WOMEN)	0338 415801
DISCIPLINE DATES (GIRLS UNDER 35)	0338 415802
DISCIPLINE DATES (VERY STRICT)	0338 415803
CONTACTS (COUPLES WANT MEN)	0338 415804
CONTACTS (SINGLE GIRLS)	0338 415805
CONTACTS (KINKY GIRLS)	0338 415806
FETISH DATES (UNIFORM LADIES)	0338 415807
FETISH DATES (BACK TO SKOOL!)	0338 415808
FETISH DATES (COUPLES SWAP)	0338 415809
OVER KNEE GAMES (LADIES & COUPLES)	0338 415810
SEX DATE ONLY (ANYTHING GOES)	0338 415811
SEX DATE ONLY (BIZARRE)	0338 415812
GIRLS ENJOY SOUND SPANKING	0338 415813
GIRLS ENJOY TAWSE & STRAP	0338 415814
GIRLS ENJOY CANE & MORE	0338 415815
COUPLES INTO ANYTHING	0338 425493
LADIES INTO 3'SOMES	0338 425494
T.V.'S SPECIAL	0338 425495
SPECIALIST S & M MISTRESS	0338 425496
VERY KINKY LADIES	0338 425497
GILRS S & M / BONDAGE	0338 425498
GIRLS, ALL HOME NO'S!	0338 425499

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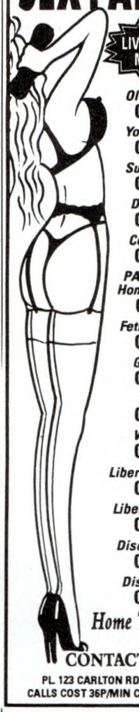

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11	SHE SUCKS TWO MEN	0338 425483
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13	18 YR OLD MASTURBATES	0338 425485
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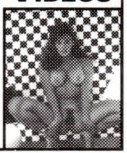

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2 GIRLS looking for other couples to join in. Call 0898 224 402

PANTIES on sale on 0898 224 404

ORAL ANNIE takes it all down 0898 224 407

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MY BOSS likes to strip me slowly – peel my stockings off, knickers to one side and part my legs – hear all on 0338 403 354

CUM in my hot mouth. 0338 403 420

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PENNY the flat pancake – erect her nipples on 0898 224 426

RED HOT hand rampant Helga, the German fraulin takes it hard! 0338 403 424

BOARDROOM BANG up, office meeting and I got it hard, many times, sloppy seconds on 0338 403 406

MANDY loves to have a hot milky mouth. 0898 224 427

BENT OVER for the boss – he's coming with his ruler! Help! – save me or listen in on 0338 403 400

BONK MY BAPS! 0338 403 403

CUM between my round, firm tits & rub all the sp**k in! 0338 403 484

OH! I'd love a bit of "rough" & tumble – if your a real man take me on. 0338 403 405

WE'LL SNEAK you into our college dormitory and let you watch us in shocking action! 0338 403 407

THE MILKMAN masturbates between Mellisa's hairy lips. 0338 403 482

TARTY TINA wants you for sex in any position – you decide on 0338 403 483

I'M SPREAD open & ready for you to take me anyway you want. 0338 403 404

ANY POSITION you get to name your way! 0338 403 402

"ORAL!" mmm! make me gag on your stiff todger and choke on your sp**k. 0338 403 401

I FEEL MYSELF up under the desk, I'll let you listen to my squelchy noises on 0338 403 408

PUT your rod between my breasty dumplings for a hot tit w**k. 0338 403 486

I'M SITTING here alone & naked! you can take me anyway you like. 0338 403 486

STRICT WOMEN in blue puts you over her knee & gives you her truncheon on 0338 402 822

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TO ADVERTISE IN CLUB RING 071-734 9191

kathryn

Photographs by Jack Harrison

The last time naughty 19-year old Kathryn appeared in Club, she told us that her bank manager didn't approve of her modelling. "Well that's all changed now," she laughs. "He's come 'round to it. In fact, he's come 'round to my flat a few times to discuss my affairs too! I told him I hadn't had any, but I couldn't say that now. There's nothing better than a

great banker in your bed! He loves my little red basque, so I thought I'd wear it to please him. Do you think he'll be impressed?" We'd say his interest rate will have shot up immediately as your figure's in such tip-top condition! ♣

COMING IN

club

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Oooh! What we really like about up-and-coming super-model Kim is that sexy little bikini line which shows off her lovely little pussy a treat! Oh, but you won't know about that because you haven't seen the next sun-tanned and saucy issue of Club. So when you see the big and bulging November Club smiling down at you from the top shelf in your local newsagents, pick it up, stroke it, and buy it. Then run all the way home as fast as your legs will carry you, safe in the knowledge that somewhere inside that cuddly issue cute Kim is showing you her perfect pussy. You'll love it! ♣

Volume 22 Number 12 on sale November 4th

IN THE BAG

continued from page 12

smiled affectionately and kissed me softly. Then pressing her weight against mine, she eased me onto my back. She hooked her fingers into the waistband of my knickers and slid them down. I parted my legs and eased my bum off the sofa, then delighted in an unbelievable sensation as Janey eased a cold slice of peach between my cunt lips. Jean's slippery tongue soon followed.

This was almost too much to bare and I whimpered as she sucked and nibbled at the peach. Her hands eased under me and she fondled my pert arse as she greedily ate me out.

I opened my eyes and looked over to see Gary with a wide grin on his face and his fingers wrapped around his shaft. "C'mon over here," I said. I reached out and grabbed his cock and started wanking him.

Janey's pace quickened, and she really started fucking me hard with her tongue until I felt an orgasm pulsing through me. "I'm coming," I shrieked as I rode the waves of pleasure. I let go of Gary's cock right then and started tweaking and pulling on my nipples.

But Gary needn't have worried about being left out. Janey quickly pulled out from between my legs, and went straight for Gary's cock. Wrapping her big tits around his shaft, she started to wank him off, until he shuddered and shot his load all over Janey's mouth and chin

We all took a bit of a breather after then, and the three of us even had the chance to squeeze in some more fun and games in the bathroom before I had to go and meet Tony.

Tony didn't even bother to ask what I'd been doing – and even if he had, I don't think he would have believed me! – *Bernadette, Coventry*

One, two, three...

I've always fantasised about having a threesome, but thought it was something that only happened to other people... until last weekend.

It was my 21st birthday and I'd gone out with a few of my mates to a club in town. As I scanned the dancefloor I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw two scantily-clad women gyrating sexily and rubbing up against each other as they danced in the middle of the floor.

Seizing the opportunity, I quickly moved towards them and started dancing. As I caught their eye, I shouted over the music, "How about a dance for the birthday boy, girls? I'm 21 today!" Fran, a gorgeous redhead with a wonderfully curvy body, moved over and started dancing as close to me as she possibly could. Her hands went around my waist as she ground her crotch against mine, then I felt somebody else behind me and turned around to see her friend, Clarissa, with a wicked smile on her face. Clarissa was just as sexy; her long blonde hair was tied up on her head and her body was squeezed into a figure-hugging catsuit.

The two of them linked hands around me and I thought I was going to come as I felt two hot, sexy bodies pushed up against me, then Fran pulled me close to her. "If you fancy a birthday treat," she purred, "follow us into the toilets..."

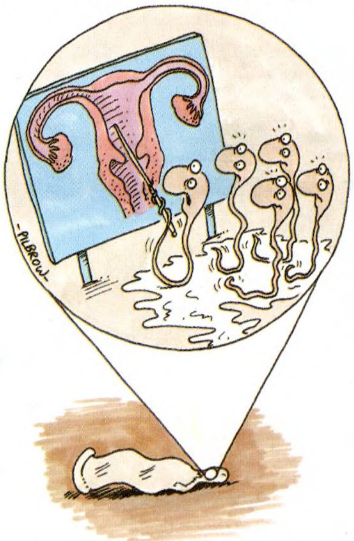
The two of them disappeared into the Ladies, and I followed as soon as decently possible. I heard giggling coming from a cubicle and the door burst open and I was pulled in. Fran quickly stripped off my shirt and started to run her tongue all over my chest, while Clarissa unzipped me and cradled my balls in her hand. "I'll have first go!" she squealed, clamping her lips around my cock.

"Hey, save some for me!" laughed Fran, and the two of them took it in turns to suck me off. Fran managed to take my cock so far down her throat I could feel her lips tickling my hairy balls!

I really wanted to fuck both of them, so when Clarissa sat me down on the toilet seat and mounted my cock and Fran stood with her lips parted so that I could lick her sweet cunt, I was in sheer heaven!

The two of them were unbelievably dirty and took it in turns to swap round, ensuring my cock got well and truly serviced. It was obvious that I wasn't going to last for long, and I said urgently that I was going to shoot my load. The two girls kneeled down in front of me and as I sprayed my spunk over the two girls, they both licked it off each other – what an amazing sight!

We finished the night with another trip to the toilet together, where Clarissa and Fran got to grips in a dirty lezzie clinch – I thought I'd died and gone to heaven! – *James, Manchester* ♣



"By my calculations we should be just about here, men..."

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Dial and come in my mouth!
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lick my clit out:-
& THEN SHAFT ME FROM BEHIND:-
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WHACK YOUR THICK MEAT RIGHT UP ME!
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WIFE TAKES YOU & YOUR MATE
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GENUINE HOUSEWIVES CONFESSIONS
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RAM IT DOWN
MY DEEP THROAT!
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LET YOUR FINGERS
DO THE WA*KING
THE FIVE KNUCKLE SHUFFLE
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'I SUCK COCK & LOVE TO SWALLOW'
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Wendy is learning how to...
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Big black cock is my speciality
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LICK ME OUT
NOW!
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SINDY LOVES IT FROM BEHIND
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LATE NIGHT HARD CORE
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NANCY LOVES TO GOBBLE
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I'M A NURSE & I NEED A STIFF THERMOMETER
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I'M LUCY & JUST DYING FOR YOUR BIG FAT ONE
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Lesbian open leg sex action
0898 122 758

BIG TITTED MATRONS LOVE YOUNG DICK
0898 122 759

Take me from behind you horny fu***r
0898 122 760

I'M MANDY, I NEED YOU STIFF
0898 122 761

DIAL NOW & HEAR ME WANK
0898 122 762

LISTEN AS THIS 18yr OLD BLOND LOSES HER VIRGINITY
0898 122 763

Take my [redacted] & I'll lick your balls!
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